

HVW Evolution: HVW Evolution - Episode 5

Promotion: Heroes & Villains Wrestling
Date: August 4, 2026
Location: Riverside Municipal Auditorium — Riverside, CA

Results

The System Evolves

Segment

The screen is completely black.

Silence.

Then...

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ...

A piercing electronic frequency rips through the darkness as thousands of tiny blue pixels begin appearing one by one before multiplying into an endless digital web stretching across the screen.

A computerized voice echoes.

"ACCESSING..."

The grid glitches violently.

"EVOLUTION..."

Streams of code race across the display.

"SYSTEM UPDATE COMPLETE..."

A thunderous bass hit.

BOOM.

The digital network explodes apart before reforming into one massive glowing word.

EVOLUTION

Electronic guitars collide with futuristic synths as a rapid-fire highlight package begins.

Dan "The Hammer" Highlander driving Ozric Mortimer into the canvas before holding the HVW World Championship high above his head.

Jason Cashe smashing Eric Paisano through a table in the Hardcore Match.

Queen Bianca Davis barely pulling herself to her feet as Old Redhook fails the ten-count in the Last Man Standing Match.

Jace Parker Davidson collecting the final poker chip before becoming the inaugural No Limits Champion.

Samara Astrid and Evelyn Hart celebrating with the Alliance Championships after Yuna Obsidian's perfectly timed interference.

Blind flashes.

Steel.

Ladders.

Bodies crashing from every direction.

Kalinda standing tall after surviving.

Marilyn Matthews refusing to stay down.

Vera Vega battling through punishment.

Then—

A lone figure climbs the ladder.

Hands reach upward.

The briefcase is unhooked.

"The Diamond Princess" raises the Crown of Legends contract into the air as fireworks explode behind her.

The footage suddenly glitches.

The Hacker's glowing mask slowly materializes across the screen.

Static.

Hacker: "One event..."

Glitch.

Hacker: "...changes everything."

Scrolling code fills the screen.

Hacker: "New champions."

Another glitch.

Hacker: "New opportunities."

The mask slowly tilts toward the camera.

Hacker: "Evolution..."

A final pulse.

Hacker: "...never stops."

The mask surges toward the screen.

Everything explodes into brilliant white.

LIVE

The Riverside Municipal Auditorium erupts.

Blue lasers sweep across the packed arena as enormous LED walls flicker with flowing code, digital static, and animated Evolution logos. Massive holographic-style crowns rotate above the stage while towering LED pillars flash with brilliant blue and silver lighting.

The entrance set resembles a futuristic command center.

White ropes surround the ring.

The turnbuckles glow electric blue.

The ring apron continuously scrolls digital graphics promoting CROWN OF LEGENDS — AUGUST 27-29.

The overhead screen flashes:

WELCOME TO EVOLUTION

Drone cameras soar across the capacity crowd.

Fans scream toward the lens.

Signs fill the arena.

"HAMMER STILL STANDS!"

"HOSTILITY GOT WHAT THEY DESERVED!"

"JPD HAS NO LIMITS!"

"THE TRIAD RUNS THE TAG DIVISION!"

"CROWN OF LEGENDS IS COMING!"

"EVOLUTION IS THE FUTURE!"

The camera finally settles at the commentary desk.

Roxie Voltage is already bouncing in her chair, colorful hair teased higher than ever while tapping her fingers against the desk to the opening music.

Beside her sits Kingston Rhymes, smiling while adjusting his headset.

Roxie grins directly into the camera.

Roxie Voltage: "Riverside, California...are ya READY to crank the amps up because Tuesday nights just hit another level! Welcome everybody to HVW Evolution!"

The crowd roars.

Kingston Rhymes: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome once again to Tuesday night's home of innovation, excitement, and unpredictability. We are live inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium only three nights removed from an unforgettable Six Guns & Sinners pay-per-view."

A graphic flashes showing Dan Highlander raising the World Championship.

Roxie Voltage: "The Hammer is STILL swinging! Dan Highlander survived another war, knocking off Dear Dead Sparrow's Ozric Mortimer to keep that HVW World Championship wrapped around his waist."

Another graphic.

The caged ladder match.

Kalinda.

Vera Vega.

Marilyn Matthews.

"The Diamond Princess."

Roxie Voltage: "And can we talk about that insane ladder match? Four of the absolute best women in professional wrestling were the final survivors! Kalinda, Vera Vega, Marilyn Matthews, and the eventual winner, 'The Diamond Princess,' absolutely stole the show. That's the kind of insanity I live for!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Indeed, Roxie. Jason Cashe retained the Darkheart Championship in an extremely violent Hardcore Match against Eric Paisano, while Queen Bianca Davis finally settled her rivalry with Old Redhook by surviving their Last Man Standing Match to remain Territory Champion."

Footage rolls of Jace Parker Davidson celebrating.

Then The Triad with the Alliance Championships.

Kingston Rhymes: "Elsewhere, Jace Parker Davidson captured the inaugural No Limits Championship in the High Noon Match, and thanks in large part to Yuna Obsidian's interference, Samara Astrid and Evelyn Hart became the first-ever Alliance Champions."

Roxie nods.

Roxie Voltage: "History all over the place, baby...and history never slows down around here."

The Crown of Legends logo fills the screen.

Kingston Rhymes: "Because tonight the road toward Crown of Legends officially begins."

A tournament bracket appears.

Kingston Rhymes: "With The Triad taking the Alliance Championships back to Saturday Night, The Hacker has established an Alliance Championship Number One Contender Tournament. Four first-round matches begin this evening."

The bracket highlights several teams.

Justice Cross & Leo Lions.

Brixx Nox & Nick Micevski.

The Unstoppable Force.

The Brat Pack.

Blind Magic.

The Regulators.

Hostile Elite.

Candy & Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca.

Roxie Voltage: "Every team on Evolution suddenly has a target, Kingston. Win tonight, keep winning, and you're dancing with The Triad at Crown of Legends!"

The graphic changes.

Crash Rodriguez.

Eric Paisano.

Kingston Rhymes: "Crash Rodriguez looks to continue building momentum when he faces Eric Paisano, who will no doubt be seeking redemption after the punishment Jason Cashe delivered at Six Guns & Sinners."

Another graphic appears.

Lex Collins.

Ozric Mortimer.

Kingston Rhymes: "And perhaps the most emotional singles contest of the evening sees Lex Collins take on Ozric

Mortimer."

Footage from Six Guns & Sinners plays.

Adam Hansen and Lex Collins being eliminated.

Danielle Page surviving for Team HVW.

Ozric barely falling to Highlander.

Kingston Rhymes: "Lex and Adam Hansen saw their hopes dashed during the Six Guns elimination match, though Danielle Page ultimately carried Team HVW to victory over HOSTILITY as the lone survivor."

Roxie Voltage: "Meanwhile Ozric Mortimer came this close to becoming World Champion before Dan Highlander slammed that dream shut. Neither of these guys is gonna be in a good mood tonight."

One final graphic.

Dan Highlander.

Jace Parker Davidson.

Champion versus Champion.

Kingston Rhymes: "And in tonight's non-title main event, two champions collide as HVW World Champion Dan 'The Hammer' Highlander meets the brand-new No Limits Champion, Jace Parker Davidson."

Roxie Voltage: "If that's your main event, you know Evolution is cookin' with rocket fuel!"

Roxie turns toward the camera.

Roxie Voltage: "And right now we're supposed to send things backstage where—"

Suddenly—

? "Wanted Dead or Alive" style southern rock guitars blast through the arena. ?

The crowd explodes.

SHERIFF! SHERIFF! SHERIFF!

Roxie laughs in surprise.

Roxie Voltage: "Well...that isn't the Hacker!"

The Sheriff steps through the curtain in his trademark dusty boots, jeans, long coat and black cowboy hat as the Riverside crowd gives the Saturday Night owner an enormous ovation.

He tips his hat before making his way to the ring.

"The Last Territory Boss" chants echo throughout the building.

The Sheriff steps inside the ring, accepting a microphone.

He smiles.

The Sheriff: "Well now...how y'all doin', California?"

Huge pop.

The Sheriff: "First off...I just wanted to come out here and say thank ya."

Cheers.

The Sheriff: "Six Guns & Sinners turned out every bit as wild as I'd hoped it'd be."

Another ovation.

The Sheriff: "Folks fought their tails off from top to bottom."

He nods.

The Sheriff: "HOSTILITY finally got theirs...in more ways than one."

Big cheers.

The Sheriff: "Briar Bryne started the night by beatin' Lucas Greene no matter how many little distractions that snake tried throwin' her way."

Another cheer.

The Sheriff: "Then by hook or by crook, Danielle Page somehow managed to survive Christopher Saint James, Xander Daniels and Reaper...even after about a DOZEN lumberjacks got bought off by C\$J."

The crowd boos loudly.

The Sheriff shakes his head.

The Sheriff: "Hacker...you and I are gonna have ourselves one long conversation about that little situation sometime real soon."

The crowd applauds.

The Sheriff smirks.

The Sheriff: "But..."

He waves it off.

The Sheriff: "The business I'm here to talk about tonight has NOTHIN' to do with HOSTILITY..."

He pauses.

The Sheriff: "...or the Hacker."

A beat.

The Sheriff: "...thank God."

The audience bursts into laughter and applause.

The Sheriff chuckles.

The Sheriff: "Now..."

His expression becomes serious.

The Sheriff: "I'm here because I've got one HELL of an announcement."

The crowd buzzes.

The Sheriff: "Heroes & Villains Wrestling has been through a whole lot in just two months."

He slowly walks around the ring.

The Sheriff: "We started with one show."

A nod.

The Sheriff: "Run by yours truly."

Cheers.

The Sheriff: "A southern rock Saturday Night that's still pretty frickin' awesome if I do say so myself."

Big pop.

The Sheriff: "Then the Hacker started impersonatin' me..."

Laughter.

The Sheriff: "...things got all turned upside down..."

He points around the arena.

The Sheriff: "...and now we've got two shows."

He raises two fingers.

The Sheriff: "Two rosters."

Another finger.

The Sheriff: "Two completely different worlds."

The crowd applauds.

The Sheriff: "Now Crown of Legends rolls around August twenty-ninth."

Huge reaction.

The Sheriff: "And I promised every one of ya it'd be the biggest pay-per-view Heroes & Villains Wrestling has ever produced..."

He pauses.

The Sheriff: "...right?"

The crowd erupts.

The Sheriff: "Well that means we can't just put together another ordinary pay-per-view."

He paces again.

The Sheriff: "I sat around thinkin'."

He scratches his beard.

The Sheriff: "Thought maybe we'd run two nights."

Cheers.

The Sheriff: "One for Evolution."

More cheers.

The Sheriff: "One for Saturday Night."

The crowd erupts, loving the concept.

The Sheriff slowly shakes his head.

The Sheriff: "Not big enough."

The audience reacts with surprised cheers and murmurs.

The Sheriff: "So I kept thinkin'."

He grins.

The Sheriff: "Worked with the city of San Antonio."

The Genesis Dome logo appears on the video wall.

The Sheriff: "Worked with my crew."

Another smile.

The Sheriff: "And we figured it out."

He points directly into the camera.

The Sheriff: "Crown of Legends..."

A pause.

The Sheriff: "...will take place over..."

He raises three fingers.

The Sheriff: "...THREE..."

The crowd starts buzzing.

The Sheriff: "...NIGHTS!"

The Riverside crowd explodes.

Fireworks erupt from the stage.

The giant screen flashes:

CROWN OF LEGENDS

AUGUST 27 • AUGUST 28 • AUGUST 29

GENESIS DOME

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

The Sheriff waits for the ovation to settle.

The Sheriff: "Thursday, August twenty-seventh..."

The Evolution logo appears.

The Sheriff: "...belongs to Evolution."

Cheers.

The Sheriff: "Friday, August twenty-eighth..."

Saturday Night's logo replaces it.

The Sheriff: "...belongs to Saturday Night."

Another ovation.

The Sheriff smiles.

The Sheriff: "Then Saturday night..."

Both logos appear together beneath the HVW logo.

The Sheriff: "...the grand finale."

Huge reaction.

The Sheriff: "The HVW World Heavyweight Championship."

Cheers.

The Sheriff: "The winners of this Alliance Championship tournament challengin' The Triad."

More cheers.

The Sheriff: "The biggest matches from BOTH brands..."

He nods confidently.

The Sheriff: "...and I can guaran-damn-tee ya..."

A grin spreads across his face.

The Sheriff: "...a few surprises."

The crowd erupts one final time.

The Sheriff tips his hat.

The Sheriff: "That's all I've got for y'all tonight."

He starts toward the ropes.

The Sheriff: "Now I'm headin' back to Texas before one of those HOSTILITY bums decides to jump me."

The audience laughs loudly.

The Sheriff: "Thanks for havin' me, y'all."

He raises one hand.

The Sheriff: "Goodnight..."

A beat.

The Sheriff: "...and enjoy Evolution."

The Sheriff's music hits once again as the crowd rises to its feet.

Roxie and Kingston stand at commentary applauding while the camera follows The Sheriff up the ramp beneath flashing blue lights and rotating digital crowns.

The Evolution logo fills the screen as the broadcast heads into its opening contest.

No Distractions

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to one of Evolution's sleek interview areas, illuminated by glowing blue LED panels with animated code streaming across the walls. The Evolution logo slowly rotates on a massive digital display behind the interview set as the buzz of the Riverside Municipal Auditorium can still be heard in the distance.

The camera initially focuses on interviewer Tara Robinson, who stands with a microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... Justice Cross."

The camera slowly pans to the right, revealing Justice Cross standing just outside the frame with her arms folded. She steps forward into view wearing her ring gear, calm and composed as always. There isn't a smile on her face, but there isn't any anger either. Just quiet confidence.

Tara Robinson: "Justice, last Saturday at Six Guns & Sinners you finally got your hands on Kimberly Hart after everything that happened the week before, and you walked away with a decisive victory. After everything that led up to that match, how satisfying was it to finally settle things in the ring?"

Justice lets out a slow breath before answering.

Justice Cross: "It was exactly what it needed to be."

She shrugs slightly.

Justice Cross: "Kimberly wanted everyone to think she caught me slipping. She wanted people talking about the cheap shot after our tag match instead of what actually happened when we stood across the ring from each other."

Justice tilts her head.

Justice Cross: "Now nobody has to wonder."

A faint smirk appears.

Justice Cross: "She took her best shot... and I still beat her."

She nods once.

Justice Cross: "That's all there is to it."

Tara smiles before continuing.

Tara Robinson: "Tonight your attention shifts to the Alliance Championship Number One Contender Tournament. You'll be teaming with Leo Lions against Nick Micevski and Brixx Nox in what could be the first step toward a championship opportunity at Crown of Legends."

Justice's expression hardens.

Justice Cross: "That's exactly how I'm looking at it."

She points toward the arena.

Justice Cross: "Kimberly was Saturday."

Another point.

Justice Cross: "This tournament is tonight."

She pauses for a moment.

Justice Cross: "And if Leo and I do our jobs, it'll become August twenty-ninth."

The crowd inside the arena can be heard cheering through the hallway.

Tara nods.

Tara Robinson: "Nick Micevski and Brixx Nox present a unique challenge. Nick has certainly been vocal since arriving in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

Justice can't help but chuckle.

Justice Cross: "Vocal's one way to put it."

She rolls her eyes.

Justice Cross: "Less than thirty seconds after Heroes & Villains Wrestling announced I'd signed here..."

She raises an eyebrow.

Justice Cross: "...Nick Micevski was already trying to talk to me."

A few crew members nearby laugh.

Justice simply shakes her head.

Justice Cross: "He's the perfect example of what I've been talking about."

She taps her wedding ring with her thumb.

Justice Cross: "Some men mistake confidence for an invitation."

A shrug.

Justice Cross: "It isn't."

She looks directly into the camera.

Justice Cross: "Nick can spend all the time he wants trying to get my attention."

A slight smirk returns.

Justice Cross: "Tonight..."

She points toward the ring entrance.

Justice Cross: "...he's got it."

Footsteps echo down the hallway.

Leo Lions walks into frame wearing his hooded entrance vest, already bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet as if he can't wait for the opening bell.

Leo Lions: "You ready?"

Justice immediately answers.

Justice Cross: "Always."

Leo smiles.

Leo Lions: "Good."

He gestures toward the curtain.

Leo Lions: "Let's go earn that next step."

Justice nods once before falling in beside him.

Without another word, the two head down the hallway toward the entrance tunnel. Leo exchanges a quick fist bump with a stagehand as they pass while Justice remains focused straight ahead, her eyes locked on the bright blue light spilling out from the curtain leading to the arena.

The camera watches them disappear toward the stage before cutting back to ringside for the opening match of the Alliance Championship Number One Contender Tournament.

The Deacon St. John Effect

Segment

The camera cuts away from ringside and transitions into the futuristic backstage area of the Riverside Municipal Auditorium.

The walls glow with animated blue circuitry as digital graphics pulse across the LED panels. Autonomous camera

drones hover through the corridors, capturing every movement inside Hacker's Evolution territory.

A digital screen flashes:

ALLIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP #1 CONTENDERS TOURNAMENT
FIRST ROUND

The bracket cycles before landing on tonight's match:

JUSTICE CROSS & LEO LIONS

vs.

NICK MICEVSKI & BRIXX NOX

A low rumble is heard from outside the building.

The camera turns toward the entrance corridor.

A moment later...

A black luxury limousine rolls into the backstage loading area.

The door opens.

Deacon St. John steps out.

Of course he does.

The self-proclaimed "standard of excellence" looks completely out of place among the wrestlers and production crew, mostly because he looks like he arrived for a business meeting instead of a wrestling show. Designer sunglasses, expensive clothing, and a gold watch that probably costs more than most people's cars.

Deacon looks around the Evolution production area.

He smiles.

Deacon St. John: "Not bad."

He adjusts his jacket.

Deacon St. John: "Could use a little more class."

He begins walking through the halls like he owns them.

Because, in his mind...

He does.

As he rounds a corner, he nearly walks directly into Vera Vega.

Vera stops.

Deacon stops.

The two stare at each other for a moment.

Then Deacon slowly grins.

Deacon St. John: "Well..."

He looks her up and down.

Deacon St. John: "Funny running into you here."

Vera raises an eyebrow.

Vera Vega: "Is it?"

Deacon chuckles.

Deacon St. John: "Considering the way you've been interacting with me on Instagram?"

He tilts his head.

Deacon St. John: "Yeah. I would say it's pretty funny."

Vera smirks slightly.

Vera Vega: "Careful, Deacon. You might start thinking you're more charming than you actually are."

Deacon puts a hand over his chest in mock offense.

Deacon St. John: "Might?"

A pause.

Deacon St. John: "I already know."

He gives her a wink.

Deacon St. John: "Question is..."

He starts walking backward down the hallway.

Deacon St. John: "Do you actually like the Deac..."

A grin.

Deacon St. John: "...or do you just like pretending you don't?"

Vera shakes her head as he walks away.

Vera Vega: "You're unbelievable."

Deacon smiles.

Deacon St. John: "I've heard that before."

He continues down the hallway.

Eventually, he finds who he was looking for.

Nick Micevski and Brixx Nox are standing near their locker room entrance preparing for their Alliance Championship Tournament match.

Nick immediately notices Deacon.

His expression changes.

Nick Micevski: "No."

A beat.

Nick Micevski: "Absolutely not."

Deacon stops.

Nick steps forward.

Nick Micevski: "What are you doing here?"

Deacon looks around.

He gestures toward the Evolution logo on the wall.

Deacon St. John: "Enjoying the scenery."

Nick scoffs.

Nick Micevski: "This is Evolution."

He points toward the hallway.

Nick Micevski: "Your show is Saturday Night."

A smirk.

Nick Micevski: "You lost?"

Deacon laughs quietly.

Deacon St. John: "No."

He steps closer.

Deacon St. John: "I'm exactly where I want to be."

Nick folds his arms.

Nick Micevski: "Why?"

Deacon looks around at the arena.

Deacon St. John: "Because when you're talented enough..."

He looks back at Nick.

Deacon St. John: "...when you're successful enough..."

He taps his watch.

Deacon St. John: "...and when you have enough money..."

A grin.

Deacon St. John: "You stop asking permission."

Nick rolls his eyes.

Nick Micevski: "You really think money means you can just walk into someone else's territory and do whatever you want?"

Deacon immediately answers.

Deacon St. John: "Yes."

A pause.

Deacon St. John: "Because it does."

Nick laughs.

Nick Micevski: "You are unbelievable."

Deacon smiles.

Deacon St. John: "That's twice tonight."

The two continue staring each other down.

But then...

Deacon's attention shifts.

Not to Nick.

To Brixx.

The massive powerhouse has remained quiet throughout the exchange.

Arms folded.

Expression unreadable.

Watching.

Deacon studies her for a moment.

Not with fear.

With interest.

Deacon St. John: "You know..."

Nick immediately notices.

Nick Micevski: "Don't."

Deacon ignores him.

He steps closer to Brixx.

Deacon St. John: "I like your style."

Brixx says nothing.

Deacon smiles.

Deacon St. John: "No wasted words."

A nod.

Deacon St. John: "No need to explain yourself."

Another pause.

Deacon St. John: "I respect that."

Nick steps between them slightly.

Nick Micevski: "She's my partner."

Deacon looks at Nick.

Then back at Brixx.

Deacon St. John: "For now."

Nick's expression hardens.

Nick Micevski: "What does that mean?"

Deacon simply smiles.

Deacon St. John: "It means everyone has a price."

Brixx's eyes narrow slightly.

Not angry.

Not impressed.

Just curious.

Nick looks between the two of them.

Nick Micevski: "We're done here."

He turns toward the locker room.

Nick Micevski: "Come on, Brixx."

Brixx doesn't immediately move.

Nick stops.

Looks back.

For just a second...

Brixx looks back at Deacon.

A tiny reaction.

Almost impossible to read.

But Deacon notices.

And smiles.

Nick sees enough to be concerned.

Nick Micevski: "Brixx."

She finally turns and follows him.

But she looks back one more time.

Deacon watches them leave.

His grin grows.

Deacon St. John: "Interesting."

The camera stays on Deacon for a moment.

Then cuts back to Nick and Brixx walking toward Gorilla Position.

Nick is visibly irritated.

Brixx remains silent.

Whatever just happened...

Nobody knows yet.

The camera fades back to ringside as the Alliance Championship Number One Contender Tournament match is about to begin.

Justice Cross & Leo Lions vs. Brixx Nox & Nick Micevski

Match

The cameras return inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium as blue lasers sweep across the packed crowd. The massive LED boards surrounding the arena display an animated tournament bracket, with one side of the screen flashing:

ALLIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP #1 CONTENDERS TOURNAMENT
FIRST ROUND

Roxie Voltage leans forward at the commentary desk.

Roxie Voltage: "The road to Crown of Legends officially starts right now, Kingston! Eight teams entered...only one gets to punch their ticket to Night Three against The Triad!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And after what we just witnessed backstage, I don't know if Nick Micevski should be worried about Justice Cross...or his own partner."

The camera briefly shows Nick pacing near the curtain while Brixx stands several feet behind him, expressionless.

Roxie Voltage: "That whole thing with Deacon St. John gave me the creeps. You don't just walk into another brand, throw money around, and expect everybody to dance."

Kingston Rhymes: "Money has a funny way of changing people's priorities, Roxie."

"Fighter" hits.

The Riverside crowd erupts.

Justice Cross dances through the curtain, mouthing the lyrics with her trademark smile restored after her backstage interview. She points toward fans on both sides of the entranceway before slowing just long enough to glance toward the ring.

Business.

She slaps a few hands before Leo Lions joins her on stage.

"Waking Lions" begins blending into the entrance as Leo jogs onto the stage with his hood up, immediately greeting fans along the ramp.

Justice smiles.

Leo smiles.

The two exchange a quick fist bump before heading toward the ring.

Kingston Rhymes: "I like this pairing."

Roxie Voltage: "Experience and enthusiasm. Justice has seen everything this business can throw at you, and Leo grew up inside it."

Justice steps into the ring and immediately begins loosening her shoulders.

Leo shakes the referee's hand.

Justice notices...

...and simply smiles.

Then—

"With A Smile" blasts throughout the arena.

Boos rain down.

Nick Micevski confidently walks onto the stage, all swagger despite continually glancing behind him.

Several seconds later...

Brixx Nox appears.

She doesn't acknowledge Nick.

She doesn't acknowledge the crowd.

She simply walks.

Her massive frame towers over everyone nearby as she follows him toward ringside.

Nick points toward the ring.

Brixx doesn't react.

Roxie Voltage: "I don't know about you, but if my tag partner looked at me like that, I'd be sleeping with one eye open."

Kingston Rhymes: "Nick keeps calling her insurance."

A pause.

Kingston Rhymes: "Insurance policies don't usually stare at you like they're considering the deductible."

Nick climbs into the ring first.

Brixx slowly steps onto the apron before entering through the ropes.

The referee gathers all four competitors.

Justice and Leo exchange a quick nod.

Nick tries offering Brixx a fist bump.

She doesn't even look at him.

The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Nick immediately insists on starting.

Justice grins.

She steps through the ropes.

The crowd cheers.

The two circle.

Nick smirks.

Nick Micevski: "You still thinking about me?"

Justice rolls her eyes.

Justice Cross: "Not even a little."

Nick swings wildly.

Justice ducks underneath.

Arm drag.

Nick pops back up.

Another arm drag.

Justice springs to her feet before landing a beautiful step-up enziguri that rocks Nick backward.

The crowd pops.

Nick stumbles into his corner.

He glares.

Justice simply smiles.

Roxie Voltage: "That looked personal."

Nick charges again.

Justice slips behind him.

Tilt-a-whirl...

Into a headscissors takeover!

Nick rolls completely across the ring before scrambling back to his feet in frustration.

Justice smirks.

Nick's confidence begins cracking.

He finally tags.

Brixx steps over the top rope.

The atmosphere instantly changes.

Justice's grin fades.

The two women meet in the center.

Justice throws a forearm.

Brixx barely moves.

Another.

Nothing.

Justice fires a third.

Brixx answers with one stiff forearm.

Justice crashes onto her back.

The crowd gasps.

Kingston Rhymes: "That'll change your plans in a hurry."

Justice slowly turns her head toward the mat.

That familiar pause.

The look back.

One deep breath.

Then she pushes herself up.

Brixx charges.

Justice avoids a massive clothesline.

Off the ropes.

Missile Dropkick!

Brixx staggers...

...one step.

Justice exhales.

Springboard Bulldog—

NO!

Brixx catches her.

High into the air.

Military Press.

Justice squirms free behind her.

Tag.

Leo Lions enters.

The crowd cheers.

Leo immediately shoots for a double-leg takedown.

Brixx stays standing.

Leo changes levels.

Waistlock.

German Suplex!

Brixx actually leaves her feet.

The audience explodes.

Leo stays on her.

Snap suplex.

Cover.

ONE!

Kickout.

Brixx powers him backward with pure strength before drilling him with a thunderous shoulder block.

Tag.

Nick eagerly reaches in.

He jumps into the ring, stomping away on Leo before posing for the crowd.

Boos.

Nick grabs Leo.

Backbreaker.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Leo kicks out.

Nick argues with the referee instead of staying on him.

Leo crawls.

Tag.

Justice vaults into the ring.

Flying crossbody.

Nick catches her—

Justice counters into a Sunset Flip.

ONE!

TWO!

Nick escapes.

Justice immediately pops up.

Shining Wizard!

Nick falls into the ropes.

Justice talks quietly.

Nobody hears what she says.

Nick's expression changes.

He swings angrily.

Justice ducks.

Death Drop!

Implant DDT!

The crowd comes alive.

Justice hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Brixx stomps into the ring to break it up.

Leo immediately tackles Brixx.

All four competitors spill into the ring.
The referee struggles to regain order.
Eventually Leo and Nick are forced back to their corners.
Justice slowly gets up.
Nick crawls.
Both competitors race—
Tag.
Leo enters.
Nick tags Brixx.
Or...
...tries to.
Nick reaches.
His hand stretches toward the corner.
Brixx looks at him.
Nick slaps the turnbuckle.
Nick Micevski: "Come on!"
Brixx doesn't move.
Nick looks confused.
Nick Micevski: "Tag in!"
Nothing.
The crowd begins buzzing.
Nick reaches again.
Nick Micevski: "BRIXX!"
She slowly steps...
...off the apron.
The arena erupts.
Nick's eyes nearly leave his head.
Nick Micevski: "What are you doing?!"
Brixx doesn't answer.
She simply turns.
...and begins walking toward the entrance ramp.
Nick can't believe it.
Roxie Voltage: "She just left him!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Business decision."

Nick is yelling from inside the ring.

Nick Micevski: "Get back here!"

Leo doesn't hesitate.

German Suplex!

Nick lands hard.

Justice slaps the turnbuckle.

Tag.

She springboards.

Bulldog!

Nick bounces perfectly into Leo.

Northern Lights—

One.

Two.

Release.

A second.

One.

Two.

Release.

A third.

Bridge.

ONE!

TWO!

Nick barely escapes.

Leo immediately grabs him.

Justice nods.

Nick stumbles directly toward her.

Justice exhales.

LIGHTS OUT!

The RKO comes completely out of nowhere.

Nick is planted.

Justice rolls away.

Leo hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Here are your winners...and advancing in the Alliance Championship Number One Contender Tournament...JUSTICE CROSS...and LEO LIONS!"

The crowd erupts.

Justice and Leo embrace briefly before raising each other's hands.

The tournament bracket updates on the giant screen.

JUSTICE CROSS & LEO LIONS

ADVANCE

Meanwhile...

Nick sits in the ring in disbelief.

He looks toward the stage.

Brixx has reached the entrance.

She finally stops.

The crowd buzzes.

A spotlight illuminates the stage.

Stepping through the curtain...

Deacon St. John.

Smug grin.

Designer sunglasses back on.

He applauds slowly.

Nick's jaw drops.

Deacon walks directly toward Brixx.

Without a word...

He reaches into his jacket.

Produces another thick stack of cash.

Hands it to her.

Brixx calmly accepts it.

Deacon nods toward the backstage area.

Brixx falls in beside him.

Not behind him.

Beside him.

Like hired security.

Deacon turns back toward the ring.

He flashes Nick one amused smile before laughing to himself.

Deacon St. John: "Best investment I've made all week."

The crowd showers him with boos.

Nick pounds the mat in frustration.

Justice and Leo remain on opposite turnbuckles celebrating while Deacon and his newly acquired bodyguard disappear behind the curtain together.

Roxie Voltage: "Nick Micevski just learned an expensive lesson!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Everything has a price..."

He pauses as the camera focuses on Deacon and Brixx walking away.

Kingston Rhymes: "...including loyalty."

The camera lingers on Nick sitting alone in the ring before fading to the Evolution logo and the tournament bracket, now showing Justice Cross and Leo Lions advancing to the semifinals.

The Next Generation of Unstoppable

Segment

The camera cuts backstage inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium in Riverside, California.

The futuristic atmosphere of Evolution surrounds the building. Neon blue lights glow against the walls, digital screens cycle through match graphics, and the Alliance Championship Tournament bracket shines brightly on a nearby monitor.

The camera moves through the hallway until it finds two familiar faces.

Billy Anderson and Tyler Anderson.

The brothers stand side by side, already dressed for competition.

But tonight, there is something different.

For once, the focus isn't just on winning.

Tyler looks down at his hands for a moment, smiling to himself.

Billy notices.

Billy Anderson: "You know..."

Tyler looks up.

Billy Anderson: "I've seen you stare at a lot of things over the years."

He smirks.

Billy Anderson: "Championships. Opponents. A fight you probably shouldn't have taken."

Tyler laughs quietly.

Billy Anderson: "But I've never seen you look at your own hands like you're trying to figure something out."

Tyler chuckles and shakes his head.

Tyler Anderson: "I guess I'm still trying to process it."

Billy leans against the wall.

Billy Anderson: "Still crazy to think about?"

Tyler nods.

Tyler Anderson: "A little."

A smile crosses Tyler's face.

Tyler Anderson: "I'm going to be a dad."

A brief pause.

The smile grows.

Tyler Anderson: "I'm going to have a kid."

Billy's expression softens immediately.

Billy Anderson: "Yeah..."

He nods.

Billy Anderson: "You are."

A small laugh escapes him.

Billy Anderson: "Which means I'm officially the cooler uncle."

Tyler immediately looks at him.

Tyler Anderson: "No."

Billy raises an eyebrow.

Billy Anderson: "No?"

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Anderson: "Absolutely not."

Billy points at himself.

Billy Anderson: "I have experience."

Tyler Anderson: "You have Jasmine and Seth."

Billy nods proudly.

Billy Anderson: "Exactly."

Tyler smirks.

Tyler Anderson: "They're scared of you."

Billy pauses.

Billy Anderson: "That's because they respect me."

Tyler gives him a look.

Billy quickly changes direction.

Billy Anderson: "Okay, sometimes they hide when I walk into the room."

Tyler laughs.

For a moment, the seriousness fades and the two brothers share a genuine laugh.

Then Tyler looks back toward the tournament graphic.

His expression changes.

Focused.

Tyler Anderson: "But that's why tonight matters."

Billy nods.

Billy Anderson: "Yeah."

Tyler steps closer to the camera.

Tyler Anderson: "Everything changes when you have someone watching you."

He pauses.

Tyler Anderson: "Someone who looks up to you."

He smiles.

Tyler Anderson: "I want my kid to know that their dad fought for everything he got."

Billy places a hand on his brother's shoulder.

Billy Anderson: "And they're going to know that."

A pause.

Billy Anderson: "Because that's what Andersons do."

He looks toward the bracket.

Billy Anderson: "Tonight, we walk into The Brat Pack's home."

A smirk.

Billy Anderson: "Which is unfortunate..."

Tyler raises an eyebrow.

Tyler Anderson: "Why?"

Billy grins.

Billy Anderson: "Because they spent all week decorating their little clubhouse, making jokes, celebrating like they already won."

He shakes his head.

Billy Anderson: "They forgot one important thing."

Tyler nods.

Tyler Anderson: "We don't celebrate until the job is done."

Billy points toward him.

Billy Anderson: "Exactly."

He turns back toward the camera.

Billy Anderson: "Adrian Ward. Leyla Martinez."

A confident smile.

Billy Anderson: "You two are talented."

Tyler nods.

Tyler Anderson: "But talented doesn't make you unstoppable."

Billy steps forward.

Billy Anderson: "Experience does."

Tyler follows.

Tyler Anderson: "Heart does."

Billy Anderson: "And family does."

The brothers look at each other.

A small nod passes between them.

Tyler Anderson: "Tonight, we stop The Brat Pack."

Billy Anderson: "Then in Boston..."

He points toward the camera.

Billy Anderson: "At Wrestle Fest V..."

Tyler finishes.

Tyler Anderson: "We stop them again."

A pause.

Billy smiles.

Billy Anderson: "Twice in two different places."

Tyler cracks his knuckles.

Tyler Anderson: "Sounds like a family tradition."

Billy laughs.

Billy Anderson: "Now you're getting it."

The two begin walking toward the arena entrance.

Before they disappear, Tyler stops and looks back at the camera.

Tyler Anderson: "And Jamie..."

A genuine smile.

Tyler Anderson: "Thank you."

He nods.

Tyler Anderson: "I promise I'll make you proud."

Billy looks back.

Billy Anderson: "Come on, Dad."

Tyler laughs.

Tyler Anderson: "Don't start."

Billy grins.

Billy Anderson: "What? I'm practicing."

Tyler shakes his head as they walk away.

The Brat Pack's Blueprint

Segment

The camera cuts backstage inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium in Riverside, California.

Unlike the rustic atmosphere of Saturday Night, the Evolution backstage area is a completely different world. Neon blue lighting runs along the walls. Digital screens display match graphics and tournament brackets. Small camera drones float through the hallways, capturing every movement as the Alliance Championship #1 Contendership Tournament begins its first round.

The camera turns down one of the corridors.

A strange sound echoes.

THUD.

THUD.

THUD.

The camera rounds the corner.

And stops.

Adrian Ward is on the floor doing push-ups.

One.

Two.

Three.

Except there is one small problem.

Leyla Martinez is sitting comfortably on his back, scrolling through something on her phone like this is completely normal.

Adrian pushes himself up again.

Adrian Ward: "You know..."

Another push-up.

Adrian Ward: "...most people would just count reps."

Another.

Adrian Ward: "Not sit on the person doing them."

Leyla doesn't even look up.

Leyla Martinez: "I'm helping."

Adrian pauses halfway down.

Adrian Ward: "...How?"

Leyla finally looks up.

Leyla Martinez: "Motivation."

A beat.

Leyla Martinez: "Also, I wanted to see if you were actually as strong as you say you are."

Adrian stares at her.

Adrian Ward: "I've literally thrown people around this company."

Leyla nods.

Leyla Martinez: "Yeah, but have you thrown me around?"

A small smirk appears on Adrian's face.

Adrian Ward: "You are unbelievably annoying."

Leyla grins.

Leyla Martinez: "Thank you."

Adrian shakes his head and finishes the last push-up before Leyla hops off his back.

She lands on her feet, clapping twice.

Leyla Martinez: "See? Perfect form."

Adrian slowly stands up, wiping his hands on his gear.

Adrian Ward: "You know..."

He looks toward the camera.

Adrian Ward: "This is actually the perfect example of what everyone keeps getting wrong about us."

Leyla's smile fades slightly as she looks toward the tournament graphic displayed on a nearby screen.

The graphic reads:

ALLIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP #1 CONTENDERSHIP TOURNAMENT
ROUND ONE
THE BRAT PACK VS. UNSTOPPABLE FORCE

Adrian steps closer to the screen.

Adrian Ward: "We shouldn't even be in this tournament."

A pause.

Adrian Ward: "Neither of us should be fighting for an opportunity."

He points toward the graphic.

Adrian Ward: "We should already be the Alliance Champions."

Leyla nods.

Leyla Martinez: "Exactly."

She looks at the camera.

Leyla Martinez: "Everybody keeps acting like we're trying to prove we belong here."

A small laugh.

Leyla Martinez: "That's cute."

Adrian glances at her.

Adrian Ward: "Cute?"

Leyla looks confused.

Leyla Martinez: "What?"

Adrian shakes his head.

Adrian Ward: "No."

He steps forward.

Adrian Ward: "We're done being cute."

The playful tone disappears.

Adrian Ward: "That's been the problem."

He points between himself and Leyla.

Adrian Ward: "People see The Brat Pack and they think we're jokes. They think we're just here to have fun, throw parties, and make noise."

He smirks.

Adrian Ward: "They forget we win."

Leyla crosses her arms.

Leyla Martinez: "A lot."

Adrian nods.

Adrian Ward: "A lot."

A pause.

Adrian Ward: "Tonight, that changes."

He looks back toward the tournament bracket.

Adrian Ward: "Billy Anderson. Tyler Anderson."

His expression hardens.

Adrian Ward: "Unstoppable Force."

A small laugh.

Adrian Ward: "That's a cute name."

Leyla raises an eyebrow.

Leyla Martinez: "Wait..."

She looks at Adrian.

Leyla Martinez: "Are we allowed to call things cute?"

Adrian immediately points at her.

Adrian Ward: "No."

Leyla puts her hands up.

Leyla Martinez: "Okay, okay."

Adrian shakes his head before looking back at the camera.

Adrian Ward: "They're talented. They have history. They have CWF behind them."

He nods.

Adrian Ward: "And in Boston at Wrestle Fest V, they can try to prove whatever they want."

A confident smile.

Adrian Ward: "But tonight?"

He taps the tournament graphic.

Adrian Ward: "Tonight is our territory."

Leyla steps beside him.

Leyla Martinez: "And if they think because this is our home turf that we're going to play nice..."

She smiles.

Leyla Martinez: "They clearly haven't been paying attention."

Adrian nods.

Adrian Ward: "Tonight, the Alliance Championship picture changes."

He looks directly into the camera.

Adrian Ward: "And that's not a prediction."

A pause.

Adrian Ward: "That's a spoiler."

Leyla immediately looks impressed.

Leyla Martinez: "Okay, that was actually pretty good."

Adrian starts walking away.

Adrian Ward: "I know."

Leyla follows.

Leyla Martinez: "You're still annoying though."

Adrian Ward: "You're still sitting on my back during workouts."

Leyla shrugs.

Leyla Martinez: "Fair."

The two continue down the neon-lit hallway toward the arena entrance.

Adrian walks with a focused expression.

Leyla bounces beside him, still smiling, but with a newfound intensity.

As they disappear around the corner, the camera catches the tournament bracket one more time.

THE BRAT PACK

VS.

UNSTOPPABLE FORCE

The screen flashes:

ALLIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP #1 CONTENDERSHIP TOURNAMENT

ROUND ONE

The feed cuts back to ringside.

The Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson) vs. The Brat Pack (Adrian Ward & Leyla Martinez)

Match

The camera returns to the Riverside Municipal Auditorium as the futuristic Evolution graphics pulse across the massive LED screens.

The Alliance Championship tournament bracket appears.

ROUND ONE

THE BRAT PACK VS. UNSTOPPABLE FORCE

Roxie Voltage and Kingston Rhymes are shown at the commentary desk as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.

Roxie Voltage: "The first round of the Alliance Championship #1 Contendership Tournament continues, and this one has a little bit of everything."

Kingston Rhymes: "You've got the future of HVW against one of the most accomplished tag teams to ever step into a wrestling ring."

Roxie Voltage: "Adrian Ward and Leyla Martinez have been making waves since arriving in HVW, but tonight they face a team with decades of experience between them."

Kingston Rhymes: "Billy and Tyler Anderson aren't just brothers. They're family. And when those two get on the same page, they are a problem."

The lights dim.

A familiar southern rock guitar riff hits.

"I Could Kick Your Ass" by Justin Moore blasts through the arena.

The crowd erupts.

Billy Anderson and Tyler Anderson step onto the stage.

Billy walks with confidence, soaking in the reaction, while Tyler looks more focused than ever.

Roxie Voltage: "Listen to this crowd."

Kingston Rhymes: "They know what they're looking at. They know the Anderson name."

The brothers slap hands with fans as they make their way toward the ring.

Billy climbs onto the apron and raises a fist while Tyler stands beside him, nodding toward the crowd.

The cheers grow louder.

Then...

A sharp electronic beat interrupts.

The mood instantly changes.

The Brat Pack's music hits.

Adrian Ward and Leyla Martinez step onto the stage.

Leyla has a confident grin while Adrian looks locked in.

They don't acknowledge the boos.

They simply point toward the ring.

Kingston Rhymes: "And here comes the team that believes they already belong at the top."

Roxie Voltage: "Confidence is one thing. Arrogance is another."

The Brat Pack enter the ring as the referee calls both teams to the center.

Billy and Tyler offer a handshake.

Tyler extends his hand toward Adrian.

Adrian looks at it.

Then looks at Leyla.

Leyla shrugs.

Adrian smirks.

He walks away.

The crowd boos.

Kingston Rhymes: "There it is."

Roxie Voltage: "The Brat Pack making their intentions very clear."

The bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Tyler Anderson vs. Adrian Ward

Tyler immediately steps forward.

Adrian circles.

The two lock up.

Adrian tries to overpower him.

Tyler pushes back.

Adrian is forced into the corner.

The referee calls for the break.

Adrian raises his hands.

A clean break.

Tyler backs away.

Adrian suddenly fires a forearm into Tyler's chest.

The crowd boos.

Tyler shakes his head.

Adrian smiles.

Kingston Rhymes: "That's Adrian Ward. He'll follow the rules when it benefits him."

Tyler charges.

Adrian ducks.

Tyler crashes into the ropes.

Adrian grabs him from behind.

German Suplex!

Adrian floats over.

One!

Two!

Tyler kicks out.

Adrian immediately begins targeting the back.

A knee to the spine.

Another.

Then a snap DDT.

Cover.

One!

Two!

Tyler kicks out again.

Roxie Voltage: "Adrian Ward is doing exactly what he said he would do. He is attacking the body."

Adrian tags in Leyla.

Leyla comes flying in.

Basement dropkick.

Tyler rolls across the ring.

Leyla follows with a running hip attack in the corner.

She backs up.

Another one.

Tyler falls forward.

Leyla climbs.
Springboard Moonsault!
Tyler moves!
Leyla crashes!
The crowd erupts.
Tyler crawls toward Billy.
Tag!
Billy enters.
The building explodes.
Billy runs through Adrian.
Clothesline!
Leyla gets caught.
Another clothesline!
Adrian charges.
Billy catches him.
Spinning Bulldog!
Roxie Voltage: "Billy Anderson has completely changed the pace!"
Kingston Rhymes: "This is why you can't overlook experience."
Billy fires up the crowd.
He hits Adrian with a spear!
Cover!
One!
Two!
Leyla breaks it up!
Tyler grabs Leyla.
The referee separates them.
Billy pulls Adrian up.
Looking for the finish.
Georgia Spike!
NO!
Adrian escapes!
He shoves Billy forward.
Billy hits the referee!

The referee drops.

The crowd boos immediately.

Kingston Rhymes: "Oh no."

Roxie Voltage: "That was accidental, but Adrian Ward is already looking for an advantage."

Billy checks on the referee.

Adrian crawls toward his corner.

Leyla reaches inside the ring.

The referee is still down.

Tyler sees it.

Tyler points.

Tyler Anderson: "She's got something!"

Leyla quickly drops whatever she was holding.

She raises her hands.

The crowd boos.

The referee begins stirring.

Adrian uses the distraction.

A thumb to Tyler's eye.

The crowd erupts in anger.

Tyler stumbles backward.

Adrian connects with a European Uppercut.

Tyler spins around.

Adrian hooks him.

Backstabber!

Tyler crashes down.

Adrian covers.

The referee slowly crawls over.

One!

Two!

Billy breaks the count!

The crowd cheers.

Billy pulls Adrian away.

Leyla immediately attacks Billy from behind.

A dropkick sends him through the ropes.

Adrian and Leyla look at each other.

They know.

Adrian grabs Tyler.

Leyla climbs the turnbuckle.

Adrian drives Tyler backward with a forearm.

Tyler stumbles.

Leyla launches.

LEY 'EM DOWN!

The Molly Go Round connects.

Tyler is down.

Adrian quickly hooks the legs.

The referee counts.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING!

The arena explodes with boos.

Shirley Powers: "Here are your winners... THE BRAT PACK!"

The Brat Pack roll away from Tyler as the referee raises their hands.

Roxie Voltage: "I don't know about this one."

Kingston Rhymes: "You don't have to like it, but you can't deny it worked."

Roxie Voltage: "Worked because they manipulated every opportunity they had."

Billy slides back into the ring too late.

He checks on Tyler.

Adrian and Leyla stand on the entrance ramp, celebrating.

Adrian looks back at the Anderson brothers.

Adrian Ward: "Unstoppable?"

He laughs.

Leyla points toward the tournament graphic.

Leyla Martinez: "Not tonight!"

The crowd rains down boos.

Kingston Rhymes: "The Brat Pack move on, but they just made enemies."

Roxie Voltage: "And they aren't just enemies here in HVW."

She looks toward the camera.

Roxie Voltage: "Remember, these two teams are scheduled to meet again at CWF Wrestle Fest V."

Kingston Rhymes: "And after tonight?"

He shakes his head.

Kingston Rhymes: "Boston just got a whole lot more personal."

The camera focuses on Billy and Tyler standing in the ring, angry but determined.

Across the arena, Adrian and Leyla raise their hands.

The screen flashes:

ALLIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP #1 CONTENDERSHIP TOURNAMENT

THE BRAT PACK ADVANCE

The feed cuts away.

No Time For Sympathy

Segment

The futuristic blue glow of Evolution fills the Riverside Municipal Auditorium as the cameras cut backstage.

Unlike the polished LED walls and neon technology surrounding the rest of the arena, the medical area is quiet. Sterile. Almost too calm.

Sitting on the medical table is Eric Paisano.

The Playboy doesn't look like the confident, arrogant superstar fans have become accustomed to seeing.

Not tonight.

His ribs are taped. His shoulder is wrapped. There are visible bruises from the chaos of Six Guns & Sinners.

The HVW medical staff member tightens another layer of athletic tape around Eric's shoulder as he winces slightly.

Doctor: "Eric, I'm going to be honest with you."

Eric looks up.

Doctor: "I don't think I can clear you tonight."

A brief silence.

Eric slowly looks down at the tape around his body.

Doctor: "You took a lot of damage at Six Guns & Sinners. The shoulder, the ribs... you need time to recover."

Eric lets out a small laugh.

Not because it's funny.

Because he can't believe what he's hearing.

Eric Paisano: "Recover?"

He looks back at the doctor.

Eric Paisano: "You know how many times I've heard that word?"

The doctor stays silent.

Eric slides off the medical table.

Eric Paisano: "Every place I've ever wrestled. Every company. Every locker room."

He adjusts the tape around his wrist.

Eric Paisano: "Somebody always thinks they know when it's time for me to stop."

He shakes his head.

Eric Paisano: "They said I was done when I left one promotion."

A pause.

Eric Paisano: "They said I was too old when I didn't take the easy road."

Another pause.

Eric Paisano: "They said I couldn't hang with the next generation."

Eric looks directly at the doctor.

Eric Paisano: "And every single time..."

A confident smirk slowly appears.

Eric Paisano: "I proved them wrong."

The doctor looks concerned.

Doctor: "Eric, this isn't about proving a point."

Eric immediately cuts him off.

Eric Paisano: "No."

A pause.

Eric Paisano: "It is."

The room goes quiet.

Eric looks down at the tape being wrapped around his body.

Eric Paisano: "Because tonight isn't just another match."

He steps closer.

Eric Paisano: "Crash Rodriguez thinks he's getting an opportunity."

A slight grin.

Eric Paisano: "He thinks he's facing a guy who is hurt."

Eric shakes his head.

Eric Paisano: "He's facing a guy who's angry."

Eric finishes tightening the tape himself.

Eric Paisano: "Jason Cashe survived Six Guns & Sinners."

A pause.

Eric Paisano: "The Darkheart Championship survived Six Guns & Sinners."

He points toward the arena.

Eric Paisano: "But I walked out of that building with one thing nobody else has..."

Eric taps his chest.

Eric Paisano: "Momentum."

The doctor looks at him.

Doctor: "Eric..."

Eric holds up a hand.

Eric Paisano: "Give me whatever you can."

A pause.

Eric Paisano: "Tape. Braces. Painkillers. I don't care."

He steps away from the medical table.

Eric Paisano: "Because Crown of Legends is coming."

His expression hardens.

Eric Paisano: "And I'm not sitting backstage watching everybody else fight for their moment."

He grabs his jacket.

Eric Paisano: "I'm taking mine."

Eric throws the jacket over his shoulder and looks at himself in the mirror for a moment.

The pain is obvious.

But so is the determination.

The Playboy adjusts his sunglasses.

Eric Paisano: "Now clear me..."

A smirk.

Eric Paisano: "Or watch me walk out there anyway."

The doctor sighs, knowing there is no changing his mind.

Eric turns and walks away from the medical area.

Every step is deliberate.

Every step sends the same message.

He isn't walking toward a match.

He's walking toward the future he believes belongs to him.

The camera follows Eric as he disappears into the blue-lit Evolution hallway.

Roxie Voltage (voiceover): "Eric Paisano came out of Six Guns & Sinners battered, bruised, and still somehow more confident than ever."

Kingston Rhymes (voiceover): "That's the dangerous thing about The Playboy. He doesn't care what it costs him. He just wants to win."

The camera cuts back to the arena.

Eric Paisano vs. Crash RodriguezNEXT.

Crash Rodriguez vs. Eric Paisano

Match

The Evolution graphics flash across the massive LED screens surrounding the Riverside Municipal Auditorium as the cameras return from commercial break.

The blue neon lights pulse throughout the arena.

Roxie Voltage: "Welcome back to Evolution, and we are just getting started tonight."

Kingston Rhymes: "We've already seen the Alliance Championship Tournament kick off, and now we're getting another match featuring two men who left Six Guns & Sinners without championship gold... but absolutely made an impact."

The cameras cut to the commentary desk.

Roxie Voltage: "Crash Rodriguez came within one pinfall of becoming the inaugural HVW No Limits Champion."

The screen flashes footage from Six Guns & Sinners.

Crash collecting chips during the High Noon Match.

Roxie Voltage: "The Crooked Man walked into that High Noon Match and collected two of the four chips needed to win. He had Jace Parker Davidson right where he wanted him..."

The footage shows Jace pinning Crash to take the final chip.

Kingston Rhymes: "But Jace Parker Davidson was able to survive. He collected all four chips and became the first-ever No Limits Champion."

The screen changes.

Eric Paisano and Jason Cashe battling through the Hardcore Match.

Kingston Rhymes: "And Eric Paisano had his own war."

The footage shows Eric and Jason covered in blood, fighting through the brutality.

Kingston Rhymes: "The Playboy went through hell trying to take the Darkheart Championship from Jason Cashe. Those two absolutely destroyed each other."

Roxie Voltage: "Jason retained, but Eric Paisano proved something. He belongs at the top of this company."

The lights suddenly dim.

A familiar guitar riff hits.

"A History of Bad Men" by The Melvins blasts through the arena.

The crowd reacts as Crash Rodriguez slowly rises from beneath the stage on the platform.

The top right quarter of his face painted like a skull.

The Crooked Man stares toward the ring.

No emotion.

No hesitation.

Just a crooked smile.

Kingston Rhymes: "Crash Rodriguez is a dangerous individual."

Crash walks down the ramp slowly.

Roxie Voltage: "He's unpredictable, he's violent, and he doesn't care how ugly things get if it means winning."

Crash slides into the ring and drops to one knee, spreading his arms.

The lights cut again.

A heavy bass hits.

"Nonstop" by Drake echoes through the arena.

The crowd immediately rains down boos.

Gold lights flash.

Eric Paisano steps onto the stage.

But tonight...

The Playboy looks different.

The designer confidence is still there.

The arrogance is still there.

But the damage from Six Guns & Sinners is obvious.

His ribs are taped.

His shoulder is wrapped.

Eric adjusts his sunglasses and looks directly at Crash.

A smirk.

Kingston Rhymes: "That's not a healthy Eric Paisano."

Roxie Voltage: "No, but that's Eric Paisano. He doesn't know how to stop."

Eric enters the ring and climbs onto the turnbuckle.

He raises his arms as the crowd boos.

The referee checks both competitors.

The bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Crash immediately circles Eric.

Eric does the same.

Neither man rushes.

Both understand exactly what they're dealing with.

They lock up.

Eric quickly transitions behind Crash.

A waist lock.

Crash fires an elbow backward.

Eric releases.

Crash swings.

Eric ducks.

Roundhouse kick!

Crash stumbles.

Eric follows with a quick Slingblade.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Crash kicks out.

Eric immediately goes back on the attack.

A series of quick strikes.

Forearm.

Knee.

Elbow.

Crash absorbs the punishment and smiles.

Kingston Rhymes: "That smile is never a good sign."

Crash fires back.

A brutal forearm.

Eric drops to one knee.

Crash grabs him.

German Suplex!

Eric lands hard.

Crash doesn't let go.

Another German Suplex!

And another!

Roxie Voltage: "Crash Rodriguez calling that one the Pile-Up!"

Crash hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Eric kicks out.

Crash shakes his head.

He pulls Eric up.

Looking for the Crash Landing.

Eric fights.

Elbows.

Forearms.

Crash releases.

Eric with a Pele Kick!

Crash falls backward.

Eric climbs quickly.

Diving Elbow Drop!

The elbow connects.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Crash kicks out.

Eric rolls away holding his ribs.

The damage from Six Guns & Sinners is slowing him down.

Crash notices.

Immediately.

The Crooked Man begins targeting the injury.

A hard knee to the ribs.

Another.

Crash throws Eric into the corner.

Shoulder thrust.

Again.

Again.

Eric collapses.

Crash stomps away.

The referee backs him off.

Crash raises his hands innocently.

Kingston Rhymes: "And there it is. The other side of Crash Rodriguez."

Roxie Voltage: "He calls it survival. Everyone else calls it cheating."

Crash drags Eric up.

Northern Lights Suplex!

Crash bridges.

ONE!

TWO!

Eric kicks out.

Crash doesn't waste time.

He locks in the Dragontamer.

Eric screams in pain.

The crowd starts rallying behind The Playboy.

Eric reaches.

The ropes are inches away.

Crash pulls harder.

Eric grabs the bottom rope.

The referee forces the break.

Crash refuses immediately.

The official begins counting.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

Crash finally releases.

He argues with the referee.

Eric uses the opportunity.

Roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

Crash kicks out.

Both men scramble up.

Crash charges.

Eric ducks.

Crash hits the corner.

Eric runs.

Dropkick!

Crash crashes into the turnbuckle.

The Dropzone!

Crash is rocked.

Eric climbs.

Killshot!

NO!

Crash moves!

Eric crashes into the mat.

Crash sees the opening.

He grabs Eric.

Crash Landing!

The Vertebreaker connects!

The arena gasps.

Crash hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

ERIC KICKS OUT!

The crowd erupts.

Crash sits up in disbelief.

Roxie Voltage: "Eric Paisano survived Crash Landing!"

Kingston Rhymes: "After what he went through at Six Guns & Sinners, that might be the toughest thing he's done yet!"

Crash becomes frustrated.

A mistake.

He pulls Eric up too quickly.

Crash swings wildly.

Eric ducks.

Pele Kick!

Crash stumbles backward.

Eric sees the opening.

He runs.

A hard European Uppercut!

Crash spins around.

Eric hooks him.

The Playboy has him!

BACKSTABBER!

Eric drives Crash down!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... ERIC PAISANO!"

The crowd boos loudly.

Eric rolls onto his back for a moment.

Exhausted.

Pain clearly shooting through his body.

But then...

The smile returns.

The Playboy slowly stands.

The referee raises his hand.

Eric immediately takes a microphone.

The boos get louder.

Eric waits.

Enjoying every second.

Eric Paisano: "Crash Rodriguez..."

He looks down at Crash.

Eric Paisano: "You almost had me."

A pause.

Eric smirks.

Eric Paisano: "Almost."

Crash slowly rolls toward the ropes, glaring back.

Eric turns toward the camera.

Eric Paisano: "And that should be a message to everyone in the back."

He adjusts his jacket.

Eric Paisano: "I don't care if I'm hurt."

He taps his taped ribs.

Eric Paisano: "I don't care if I'm bruised."

He taps his shoulder.

Eric Paisano: "And I definitely don't care if somebody thinks they can stop me."

The crowd boos.

Eric points toward the entrance.

Eric Paisano: "Jace Parker Davidson..."

The arena reacts.

Eric smiles.

Eric Paisano: "Enjoy your little championship celebration."

A pause.

Eric Paisano: "Enjoy being the first-ever No Limits Champion."

He leans toward the camera.

Eric Paisano: "Because tonight..."

Eric points toward the ring.

Eric Paisano: "I just proved that nothing is stopping me."

A confident grin.

Eric Paisano: "So you better hope Dan Highlander doesn't leave you too damaged after your match tonight."

Eric raises the microphone.

Eric Paisano: "Because when I come for that No Limits Championship..."

A pause.

Eric Paisano: "I'm not coming for an opportunity."

He smirks.

Eric Paisano: "I'm coming to take what's mine."

Eric drops the microphone.

The Playboy raises his arms as gold lights surround him.

Roxie Voltage: "Eric Paisano has made his intentions very clear."

Kingston Rhymes: "Jace Parker Davidson better be watching."

A final shot shows Eric standing tall in the ring.

Then Crash Rodriguez sitting outside, staring back with a furious expression.

The screen flashes:

HVW EVOLUTIONCROWN OF LEGENDS IS COMING

Fade to black.

The Carolina Cowboy's Fire

Segment

The camera opens backstage inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium in Riverside, California, where the neon glow of HVW Evolution reflects off the concrete walls and steel framing of the backstage area.

The sounds of the crowd echo faintly through the building.

But away from the noise...

Adam Hansen stands near the back entrance.

No hat.

No vest.

Just his wrestling gear, pacing back and forth with a look of frustration on his face.

A camera operator approaches.

Adam notices.

He stops.

For a moment, he says nothing.

Then he lets out a slow breath.

Adam Hansen: "Ya know... you'd think after everything that happened, people would understand."

He looks down at the floor.

Adam Hansen: "You'd think after all these years, after all the miles, after all the fights..."

A pause.

Adam Hansen: "...people would understand that there's a right way and a wrong way to do things."

Adam leans against the wall.

Adam Hansen: "HOSTILITY didn't just want to win that Six Guns Match."

His expression hardens.

Adam Hansen: "They wanted to prove they could control everything."

He shakes his head.

Adam Hansen: "And then we get to that lumberjack match..."

Adam looks directly into the camera.

Adam Hansen: "You probably noticed I didn't have a whole lot to say after Six Guns & Sinners."

A beat.

Adam Hansen: "That was by design."

He nods.

Adam Hansen: "Because honestly?"

His jaw tightens.

Adam Hansen: "I was too damn mad to say anything."

The camera moves closer.

Adam Hansen: "I've been doing this for a dozen years now."

He points toward the arena.

Adam Hansen: "I've been in locker rooms all over this country. I've seen people bend rules. I've seen people cross lines."

A pause.

Adam Hansen: "But when you need to pay people off because you can't beat someone yourself..."

He shakes his head.

Adam Hansen: "That's different."

Adam pushes away from the wall.

Adam Hansen: "That's the kind of thing that demands a reaction."

A small silence.

Adam looks toward the entrance leading to the arena.

Adam Hansen: "And tonight?"

A slight grin appears.

Adam Hansen: "Tonight that reaction comes in the form of The Regulators."

He nods.

Adam Hansen: "Briar Bryne and I have been through a lot since we got here."

Adam Hansen: "We've fought champions. We've fought monsters. We've fought people who thought they could run right over us."

He cracks his knuckles.

Adam Hansen: "But Blind Magic?"

A small laugh.

Adam Hansen: "Come on."

Adam shakes his head.

Adam Hansen: "Blind Ambition and Magik The Gatherer wanna walk around talking about magic tricks and mana pools?"

He looks amused.

Adam Hansen: "That's cute."

His smile fades.

Adam Hansen: "Because when that bell rings, there ain't gonna be any tricks."

Adam points toward the ring area.

Adam Hansen: "There's just gonna be Briar Bryne."

A beat.

Adam Hansen: "There's gonna be the Firebrand."

Another beat.

Adam Hansen: "And there's gonna be the Carolina Cowboy."

Adam adjusts his wrist tape.

Adam Hansen: "Blind Magic might have found a way to survive a lot of people."

He steps toward the exit.

Adam Hansen: "But they ain't ready for what happens when they run into two people who have been fighting their whole lives."

Adam reaches the door, then stops.

Adam Hansen: "Maybe y'all need to reach deep into that mana pool."

A smirk.

Adam Hansen: "Maybe you need to find something you didn't even know you had."

He opens the door.

Adam Hansen: "Because you're gonna need every bit of it..."

He looks back at the camera.

Adam Hansen: "...when you step into the ring with The Regulators."

Adam walks through the doorway toward the arena.

The camera lingers on the empty hallway.

A final graphic appears:

HVW EVOLUTION EPISODE 5 ALLIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP #1 CONTENDERSHIP TOURNAMENT
THE REGULATORS vs. BLIND MAGIC

Fade out.

Blind Magic (Blind Ambition & Magik The Gatherer) vs. The Regulators (Adam Hansen & Briar Bryne)

Match

The neon lights of the Riverside Municipal Auditorium pulse across the arena as the Evolution logo flashes across the LED screens.

The crowd is buzzing.

Roxie Voltage and Kingston Rhymes are already seated at commentary as the camera cuts to the ring.

Roxie Voltage: "Tonight, we continue the road to crowning the first challengers for the HVW Alliance Championships."

Kingston Rhymes: "And after what we've seen from these teams, nobody can afford to overlook anybody."

Roxie Voltage: "This match has history attached to it already. The Regulators were part of one of the most chaotic matches we've ever seen at Six Guns & Sinners."

Footage flashes.

Adam Hansen being attacked by the lumberjacks.

Briar Bryne fighting through the chaos.

Lex Collins, Dan Highlander, and Queen Bianca Davis helping Team Heart fight back.

Roxie Voltage: "Adam Hansen and The Regulators were caught in the middle of Christopher \$aint James' plan to stack the deck during that Six Person Elimination Lumberjack Match."

Kingston Rhymes: "But Adam Hansen doesn't stay down. That's been the story of his career."

The lights suddenly dim.

A strange distorted sound fills the arena.

A low-frequency hum.

The crowd quiets.

A single spotlight hits the stage.

"THE ARCHIVE IS OPEN."

Magik The Gatherer steps onto the stage, slowly flipping through her deck of cards.

Behind her...

Blind Ambition walks out, headphones already on, tapping along with a rhythm nobody else can hear.

Roxie Voltage: "Blind Magic is one of the most unique teams we've seen in HVW."

Kingston Rhymes: "Unique is one word."

Roxie Voltage: "You have a better one?"

Kingston Rhymes: "Terrifying."

Magik and Blind Ambition make their way to the ring, never breaking their strange synchronization.

Then...

The opening notes of "Badass Bitch" by Cr33pia hit.

Copper lights explode across the arena.

Briar Bryne steps through the curtain wearing her shimmering copper robe, smiling arrogantly as the crowd reacts.

Behind her...

"Wanted Dead or Alive" blasts through the speakers.

The crowd erupts.

Adam Hansen steps onto the stage, tipping his cowboy hat.

Roxie Voltage: "Here comes The Regulators."

Kingston Rhymes: "Adam Hansen and Briar Bryne couldn't be more different."

Roxie Voltage: "And somehow, that's exactly why they work."

Adam joins Briar in the ring. He removes his hat, hands it to the referee, and extends his hand toward Blind Ambition.

Blind Ambition stares.

The arena waits.

After a moment...

Blind Ambition taps their headphones.

Then shakes Adam's hand.

Adam nods respectfully.

The bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Opening Exchange

Adam Hansen starts against Blind Ambition.

The two circle.

Adam reaches for a lockup.

Blind slips away.

Adam tries again.

Blind slips away again.

Kingston Rhymes: "This is what makes Blind Ambition dangerous. They aren't reacting."

Roxie Voltage: "They're listening."

Adam finally gets close.

Blind Ambition fires a rapid elbow strike.

Another.

A low spinning kick.

Adam catches the next strike.

Fallaway Slam!

The crowd erupts.

Adam immediately tags Briar Bryne.

Briar springs over the top rope.

Flying arm scissor!

Blind Ambition is sent rolling.

Briar doesn't let them breathe.

Monkey Flip!

Blind Ambition lands near the ropes and immediately tags Magik.

Magik enters with a smile.

She slowly reaches into her deck.

The crowd watches.

Magik pulls a card.

She flicks it.

Briar ducks.

Magik follows with a spinning heel kick.

Roxie Voltage: "That's the kind of thing Magik does. She creates openings before people even realize they're there."

Magik controls the pace.

Palm strikes.

Meteora.

A sweep kick after a fake-out.

Briar rolls through and springs back up.

Kiss of Fire!

Magik ducks!

Briar barely misses.

Magik attempts Final Encounter early—

Briar escapes!

She tags Adam.

The Carolina Cowboy charges in.

Big Boot!

Magik drops.

Adam grabs her.

Snap Powerslam!

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Blind Ambition breaks it up.

The referee forces Blind Ambition back.

Adam gets distracted.

Magik crawls toward her corner.

Tag!

Blind Ambition enters.

The pace instantly changes.

Static Overflow!

A flurry of elbows and strikes rocks Adam backward.

Blind Ambition follows with a running shotgun dropkick.

Adam hits the corner.

Blind charges.

Adam catches them.

Turnpike Powerbomb!

The entire arena shakes.

Adam hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Magik breaks the count.

Blind Magic Takes Control

Blind Ambition and Magik begin isolating Adam.

Quick tags.

Double-team strikes.

Magik uses distractions whenever the referee turns away.

Blind Ambition keeps adjusting the headphones, finding the rhythm again every time Adam tries to fight back.

Roxie Voltage: "This is where Blind Magic becomes so dangerous. They don't just work together. They operate like one person."

Kingston Rhymes: "Adam needs to get to Briar."

Adam crawls.

Briar reaches.

The crowd gets louder.

Tag!

Briar explodes into the ring.

Springboard Armbar!

Magik gets caught.

Briar transitions.

Top rope wristlock!

She pulls Magik down hard.

Briar is flying now.

Running knee!

Feel The Burn!

Magik drops.

Briar climbs.

The crowd rises.

Avalanche moonsault side slam!

NO!

Magik rolls away!

Briar crashes!

Blind Ambition tags in.

Volume Maxed!

The knee connects!

ONE!

TWO!

ADAM BREAKS IT UP!

The crowd erupts.

Adam pulls Blind Ambition away.

Blind responds with Echo Step.

Adam swings.

Blind dodges.

Spinning elbow!

Adam stumbles.

Blind Ambition charges.

Adam catches them.

Long Road Home!

The ripcord knee connects!

Both men collapse.

The HOSTILITY Problem

The crowd suddenly begins booing.

The camera cuts toward the entrance.

A familiar group of people appears.

Not running.

Walking.

Slowly.

Lucas Greene.

Chris Bond.

Tobias Devereaux.

And Simon Marks.

The same kind of people who stood around the ring at Six Guns & Sinners.

Roxie Voltage: "No."

Kingston Rhymes: "You have got to be kidding me."

The four men slowly walk toward ringside.

Adam and Briar immediately notice.

They stare from inside the ring.

Adam's expression changes.

Briar looks furious.

Lucas Greene smirks.

Kingston Rhymes: "Christopher \$aint James may not be here, but apparently his influence still is."

The referee warns the men to stay away.

They ignore him.

Inside the ring...

Blind Ambition catches Adam looking away.

Magik tags in.

Blind Ambition launches Adam toward the ropes.

Magik catches him.

Arcane Backlash Strike!

Adam drops.

Magik covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Briar breaks it up.

The crowd erupts.

Roxie Voltage: "The Regulators are fighting two battles right now."

Briar storms toward the ropes, screaming at Lucas.

Lucas laughs.

Lucas Greene: "What? You didn't like the last time?"

Briar tries to step through the ropes.

The referee stops her.

That hesitation gives Blind Magic another opening.

Double team strike!

Adam is isolated again.

The Rescue

Lucas, Chris, Tobias, and Simon begin climbing onto the apron.

The referee turns.

Blind Magic watches.

Adam and Briar prepare for another attack.

Then...

"GET READY!"

The crowd explodes.

Will Ryder appears from the entrance.

Behind him...

Jana Rikar.

The two sprint toward ringside.

Kingston Rhymes: "YES!"

Roxie Voltage: "The Regulators have backup!"

Will Ryder immediately tackles Chris Bond off the apron.

Jana Rikar launches into Lucas Greene with a series of strikes.

The crowd erupts.

But the numbers are still against them.

Tobias Devereaux grabs Will.

Simon Marks attacks Jana.

The fight spills around ringside.

Inside the ring...

Adam sees what's happening.

He looks frustrated.

Then suddenly—

A hand reaches over the barricade.

The crowd loses their minds.

Lex Collins.

The veteran jumps the barricade.

Kingston Rhymes: "LEX!"

Roxie Voltage: "He wasn't going to let them do this again!"

Lex storms through the crowd.

Clothesline to Simon Marks!

European uppercut to Tobias!

Lucas Greene turns around.

Lex grabs him.

BRICKS!

The knockout hook lands.

Lucas drops.

The crowd is deafening.

Outside the ring, all of the lumberjack replacements are down.

Inside...

Adam Hansen crawls toward his corner.

Briar reaches.

Tag!

The Finish

Briar enters.

She is fired up.

Springboard Armbar!

Magik gets caught!

Blind Ambition enters.

Briar ducks.

Kiss of Fire!

Blind Ambition collapses.

Magik grabs Briar from behind.

Final Encounter!

NO!

Briar fights free.

She shoves Magik away.

Magik turns around.

Adam Hansen is waiting.

CAROLINA CRUSH!

The slingshot springboard forearm smash connects.

Magik drops.

Adam grabs her.

Carolina Sunset!

The inverted kneeling tombstone connects!

Adam hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Here are your winners... THE REGULATORS!"

The crowd erupts.

Adam rolls onto his back, exhausted.

Briar immediately climbs onto the turnbuckles, throwing her arms up.

Lex, Will Ryder, and Jana Rikar stand at ringside, nodding proudly.

Roxie Voltage: "The Regulators survive!"

Kingston Rhymes: "They survived Blind Magic. They survived HOSTILITY's leftovers. They survived everything thrown at them."

Adam helps Briar back to her feet.

The two shake hands.

Respect.

The Alliance Championship bracket graphic appears.

ALLIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP #1 CONTENDERSHIP TOURNAMENT

THE REGULATORS ADVANCE

Adam looks toward the camera.

Adam Hansen: "One more."

Briar smirks.

Briar Bryne: "Whoever's next..."

She looks toward the ring.

Briar Bryne: "...better bring something hotter."

The Regulators stand tall as the camera fades.

The Cost of Failure

Segment

The camera cuts backstage inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium.

Unlike the neon-lit chaos of the Evolution arena floor, this section of backstage is quiet. Industrial. Bare concrete walls. Production cases stacked along the hallway. The kind of place where arguments happen before cameras ever find them.

And right now...

One is already happening.

Standing beside a stack of equipment cases is Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca.

The Velvet Don is dressed exactly as expected: tailored suit, polished shoes, expensive watch. But the usual confidence on his face has been replaced by irritation.

Standing across from him is Candy, arms crossed, clearly frustrated herself.

Lorenzo slowly removes his jacket and folds it over his arm.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Do you understand how embarrassing this has become?"

Candy narrows her eyes.

Candy: "Excuse me?"

Lorenzo steps closer.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "I brought you into my Family because I saw potential."

He gestures toward her.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "I saw someone who understood opportunity. Someone who understood that standing beside greatness was more valuable than standing alone."

Candy rolls her eyes.

Candy: "And I thought you were going to make me rich."

Lorenzo immediately points at her.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Exactly."

A pause.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "A partnership."

He looks around.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "An investment."

His expression hardens.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "And investments require results."

Candy scoffs.

Candy: "I've been trying."

Lorenzo shakes his head.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Trying?"

A small laugh.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Trying is what people say when they know they are failing."

Candy steps forward.

Candy: "Careful, Lorenzo."

Lorenzo doesn't move.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Tonight is your opportunity to prove me wrong."

He adjusts his cufflink.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "One final opportunity."

Candy's expression changes slightly.

Candy: "And if I don't?"

Lorenzo smiles.

Not warmly.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Then perhaps you discover that the Family has no room for passengers."

A long silence.

Then...

Laughter.

Deep, arrogant laughter.

Both Lorenzo and Candy turn toward the sound.

Walking down the hallway is Christopher Saint James.

Beside him is Xander Daniels.

And behind them...

Reaper.

The three members of Hostile Elite move through the backstage area like they own it.

C\$J claps slowly.

Christopher Saint James: "Wow."

He grins.

Christopher Saint James: "This is incredible."

He looks between Lorenzo and Candy.

Christopher Saint James: "I thought HOSTILITY had problems."

A smirk.

Christopher Saint James: "Apparently we just needed a family therapy session."

Xander looks at Lorenzo.

Xander Daniels: "Interesting."

A pause.

Xander Daniels: "A relationship built entirely on transactional value."

He studies Candy.

Xander Daniels: "Statistically, those fail often."

Lorenzo rolls his eyes.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "And I suppose you three have everything figured out?"

C\$J smiles.

Christopher Saint James: "More than you."

He steps forward.

Christopher Saint James: "The difference between us, Lorenzo, is that we don't pretend."

He gestures toward Xander and Reaper.

Christopher Saint James: "We know exactly what we are."

A grin.

Christopher Saint James: "The smartest man in the room."

He points to Xander.

Christopher Saint James: "The most dangerous man in the room."

He points behind him.

Christopher Saint James: "And the reason nobody wants to stand across the ring from us."

Reaper simply stares forward.

Lorenzo laughs quietly.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "That is a fascinating speech coming from three men who did not exactly dominate Six Guns & Sinners."

The smile on C\$J's face fades slightly.

Lorenzo steps closer.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Your little group had the same opportunity my Family has tonight."

He raises an eyebrow.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "And yet somehow, you walked away without championships."

Xander's eyes narrow.

Lorenzo continues.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "So perhaps before criticizing my business decisions..."

He looks at all three men.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "You should examine your own quarterly report."

Candy tries not to laugh.

C\$J slowly smiles.

Christopher Saint James: "Cute."

He nods.

Christopher Saint James: "Really cute."

He steps closer.

Christopher Saint James: "But here's the difference."

A pause.

Christopher Saint James: "A bad night does not change who we are."

He taps his chest.

Christopher Saint James: "We're still HOSTILITY."

He looks toward the ring area.

Christopher Saint James: "And tonight, we remind everyone exactly why."

Lorenzo adjusts his tie.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Tonight you find out the difference between confidence and arrogance."

C\$J laughs.

Christopher Saint James: "No."

He shakes his head.

Christopher Saint James: "Tonight you find out the difference between someone who owns a suit..."

He points at Lorenzo.

Christopher Saint James: "...and someone who owns the room."

The tension immediately rises.

Candy steps back.

Xander moves slightly closer.

Lorenzo's Family members begin appearing from down the hallway.

Reaper takes one slow step forward.

The entire backstage area suddenly feels smaller.

Before anything can happen, several backstage officials rush in.

Official: "That's enough!"

The groups ignore him.

Official: "By order of The Hacker, both teams need to take this to the ring!"

C\$J turns toward the official.

A slow smile crosses his face.

Christopher Saint James: "By order of The Hacker?"

He laughs.

Christopher Saint James: "You really think that's supposed to scare me?"

The official stays firm.

Official: "Christopher..."

C\$J steps closer.

Christopher Saint James: "Let me make something very clear."

He looks directly into the camera.

Christopher Saint James: "I don't take orders from anybody."

A pause.

Christopher Saint James: "Not officials."

Another pause.

Christopher Saint James: "Not executives."

A grin.

Christopher Saint James: "Not even my friend, The Hacker."

Xander nods slightly.

Reaper remains motionless.

C\$J looks back at Lorenzo.

Christopher Saint James: "We'll finish this in the ring."

Lorenzo smirks.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "I look forward to correcting your misunderstanding."

C\$J laughs again.

Christopher Saint James: "Good."

He turns away.

Christopher Saint James: "Because I hate wasting opportunities."

Hostile Elite begin walking toward the entrance area.

Reaper follows silently.

Xander walks beside C\$J.

Lorenzo watches them leave before turning back toward Candy.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Now..."

He straightens his jacket.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "You have one chance to prove you belong."

Candy stares after Hostile Elite.

Candy: "And if I don't?"

Lorenzo's expression turns cold.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Then you learn what happens when investments lose their value."

The camera cuts away as both teams make their way toward the ring.

The Alliance Championship Tournament continues...

And only one team can survive.

Hostile Elite (Christopher Saint James & Xander Daniels) vs. Candy & Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca

Match

The camera returns to the Evolution arena floor inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium.

The neon-blue lighting of Evolution washes over the crowd as the commentary team prepares for the next match of the night.

Roxie Voltage and Kingston Rhymes sit at ringside, with Roxie practically bouncing in her seat.

Roxie Voltage: "Ladies and gentlemen, this next matchup is HUGE! The road to the Alliance Championships continues, and we have two teams who couldn't be more different!"

Kingston Rhymes adjusts his headset.

Kingston Rhymes: "Indeed, Roxie. On one side, you have a team built on money, influence, and the belief that everything has a price. On the other..."

He looks toward the entrance.

Kingston Rhymes: "You have HOSTILITY."

Roxie smirks.

Roxie Voltage: "And Kingston, after Six Guns & Sinners, I don't think anybody in that locker room has forgotten what HOSTILITY is capable of when they get focused."

The lights dim.

A slow, luxurious instrumental begins playing.

The camera cuts toward the entrance.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca steps onto the stage first, wearing an immaculate suit jacket over his wrestling gear. Behind him comes Candy, who looks less confident than usual after their backstage confrontation.

Lorenzo doesn't acknowledge the crowd.

He simply walks toward the ring like he already owns the championship opportunity waiting at the end of the tournament.

Roxie Voltage: "Well, there he is. The Velvet Don himself."

Kingston Rhymes: "A man who believes championships are simply assets waiting to be acquired."

Roxie Voltage: "The problem is, Kingston, lately his investments haven't exactly been producing."

The crowd boos as Lorenzo enters the ring.

Then...

The arena lights flicker.

A sharp electronic pulse hits the speakers.

The crowd immediately begins booing.

"Executive Decision" hits.

Christopher \$aint James walks onto the stage with Xander Daniels beside him.

Behind them...

The massive silhouette of Reaper appears.

The three members of HOSTILITY slowly make their way down the ramp.

Roxie Voltage: "And here comes the reason this match might not last very long!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Because of Reaper?"

Roxie laughs.

Roxie Voltage: "No, Kingston. Because of those two in the ring! C\$J and Xander Daniels are two of the smartest wrestlers in HVW."

Kingston nods.

Kingston Rhymes: "And they have proven they know how to exploit weakness."

C\$J and Xander enter the ring while Reaper remains at ringside.

The referee checks both teams before calling for the bell.

Match Begins

Lorenzo starts for his team.

C\$J steps forward for HOSTILITY.

The two men stare across the ring.

Lorenzo smirks.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Try not to embarrass yourself."

C\$J smiles.

Christopher \$aint James: "I was about to say the same thing."

The bell rings.

The two lock up.

Immediately, C\$J slows the pace down.

A wrist lock.

A shoulder block.

A quick tag to Xander.

Xander enters and begins dissecting Lorenzo with precision.

A dragon screw.

A targeted kick to the knee.

A quick snap suplex.

Kingston Rhymes: "This is what makes Xander Daniels dangerous. Nothing he does is random."

Roxie Voltage: "Every move is a calculation."

Lorenzo reaches for Candy.

Tag.

Candy enters.

For a brief moment, she actually gains momentum.

A running forearm.

A dropkick.

A quick cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Xander kicks out.

Candy looks surprised.

The crowd begins to react.

Candy tags Lorenzo back in.

For the first time tonight, Lorenzo starts finding his rhythm.

He slows Xander down.

European uppercut.

Corner stomps.

A brutal spinebuster.

Lorenzo begins taunting.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "This is what happens when talent meets investment."

He grabs Xander.

Looking for The Velvet Contract.

But before he can hit it...

Candy reaches into the ring.

She points toward C\$J, telling Lorenzo to focus on him.

Lorenzo hesitates.

A moment.

That's all it takes.

Xander slips free.

He drives an elbow into Lorenzo's jaw.

The crowd erupts.

Kingston Rhymes: "That hesitation cost him!"

Roxie Voltage: "And that's exactly what Lorenzo was yelling about earlier tonight!"

Lorenzo stumbles backward.

Candy tries to apologize.

Lorenzo turns toward her.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "What are you doing?"

Candy argues back.

The distraction continues.

C\$J enters.

A superkick!

Lorenzo drops.

The referee forces C\$J back to his corner.

Candy tries to pull Lorenzo toward their corner.

But she accidentally tags herself in.

The referee signals.

Candy is legal.

She immediately looks horrified.

C\$J smiles.

Christopher \$aint James: "Perfect."

Candy turns around.

Xander charges.

Blueprint Knee!

Candy collapses.

C\$J tags himself back in.

HOSTILITY begins their assault.

A snap suplex from C\$J.

A running knee strike from Xander.

A double-team sequence sends Candy crashing to the mat.

Kingston Rhymes: "This is exactly what HOSTILITY wants!"

Roxie Voltage: "Divide the opponent. Exploit the mistake. End the match."

Lorenzo tries getting back into the ring.

But Reaper steps onto the apron.

The referee immediately orders him down.

That moment allows C\$J and Xander to isolate Candy again.

C\$J lifts her.

Saint's Blessing!

The fireman's carry transitions into the devastating sit-out facebuster.

Candy is planted.

C\$J hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

WINNERS: HOSTILE ELITE (Christopher \$aint James & Xander Daniels)

The bell rings.

The crowd boos as C\$J and Xander stand victorious.

Lorenzo sits on the floor outside the ring, furious.

Not at HOSTILITY.

At Candy.

Candy looks toward him.

Lorenzo simply shakes his head.

No words.

Just disappointment.

Inside the ring, C\$J takes a microphone.

He looks directly into the camera.

Christopher \$aint James: "Regulators."

The crowd reacts.

Christopher \$aint James: "I know you're watching."

He smiles.

Christopher \$aint James: "You remember what happened at Six Guns & Sinners."

A pause.

Christopher \$aint James: "You remember what happened when you thought you had HOSTILITY beaten."

He looks toward Xander.

Christopher \$aint James: "You remember what happened when you thought you could walk over us."

C\$J steps closer to the camera.

Christopher \$aint James: "So here's what's going to happen."

He adjusts his jacket.

Christopher \$aint James: "We are moving forward in this tournament."

A grin.

Christopher \$aint James: "And eventually..."

He points toward the Alliance Championship graphic hanging above the entrance.

Christopher \$aint James: "...we're coming for those titles."

A pause.

Christopher \$aint James: "Whether we see you in the next round..."

He smiles.

Christopher \$aint James: "Or we see you in the finals..."

He shrugs.

Christopher Saint James: "I don't care."

His smile disappears.

Christopher Saint James: "Because revenge doesn't care about timing."

A beat.

Christopher Saint James: "Revenge only cares about being paid."

He lowers the microphone.

Christopher Saint James: "And The Regulators..."

A final look into the camera.

Christopher Saint James: "Your bill is overdue."

C\$J drops the microphone.

"Executive Decision" hits again as HOSTILITY stands tall in the ring.

The camera cuts to Lorenzo and Candy arguing on the outside.

The Velvet Don's investment...

May have just become his biggest liability.

The Key Was Never The Credential

Segment

Pre-Taped Vignette

The screen fades in.

Not to the bright lights of Evolution.

Not to the roaring crowd.

Not even to the ring.

Instead...

A nearly empty hallway.

The Riverside Municipal Auditorium sits quiet after the crew has finished setting up for the night. The buzz of production has faded. The voices of wrestlers and staff have disappeared.

Only the hum of fluorescent lights remains.

A camera follows from a distance as Lex Collins walks through the corridor alone.

No entrance gear.

No battle vest.

No spotlight.

Just jeans, a worn hoodie, a gear bag slung over his shoulder, and the unmistakable look of someone who has spent the last few days fighting through hell.

His ribs are taped.

His knuckles are bruised.

But he's walking.

That's the important part.

Lex stops near a doorway overlooking the empty arena floor.

For a moment, he just looks out.

The ring sits in the distance.

The same ring where he stood beside Danielle Page and Adam Hansen against HOSTILITY.

The same ring where Christopher \$aint James' plan fell apart.

The same ring where Lex Collins proved he still belonged.

He reaches into his pocket.

Pulls out his HVW All Access credential.

He looks down at it.

A faint smirk crosses his face.

Lex Collins: "Funny."

He turns the credential over in his hand.

Lex Collins: "Whole career..."

A pause.

Lex Collins: "I've been trying to get access."

He looks toward the empty arena.

Lex Collins: "Locker rooms."

A beat.

Lex Collins: "Main events."

Another beat.

Lex Collins: "Championship matches."

He lets out a small laugh.

Lex Collins: "People who were too important to answer my phone calls."

Lex shakes his head.

Lex Collins: "Thought if I kicked enough doors down..."

He holds up the credential.

Lex Collins: "Eventually somebody would hand me a key."

The smile fades.

Not into sadness.

Into realization.

Lex looks back toward the ring.

Lex Collins: "Six Guns & Sinners was supposed to be about proving I still had something left."

He taps the credential against his palm.

Lex Collins: "Turns out..."

A pause.

Lex Collins: "I was the only person who still needed convincing."

Lex looks down at the credential one more time.

Lex Collins: "Twenty-three years."

He nods slightly.

Lex Collins: "Twenty-three years of getting told I wasn't the guy."

A small grin.

Lex Collins: "Too old."

Another beat.

Lex Collins: "Too beat up."

Another.

Lex Collins: "Too much baggage."

Lex looks back at the ring.

Lex Collins: "Funny thing about baggage..."

He shrugs.

Lex Collins: "You carry it long enough, people start calling it experience."

The Outsider takes the credential off the lanyard.

He walks toward a nearby trash can.

For a moment, he looks at it.

Then drops it in.

The plastic card hits the bottom with a quiet clack.

Lex doesn't react.

He simply turns and grabs his gear bag.

Lex Collins: "I don't need permission anymore."

He walks toward the exit.

The camera follows behind him.

Lex Collins: "I don't need somebody telling me where I belong."

The doors open.

Warm California air pours in.

The parking lot sits empty beneath the night sky.

Lex walks toward his truck.

Lex Collins: "Because every place I've ever been..."

A pause.

Lex Collins: "I earned."

He reaches the driver's side door.

Stops.

Looks back toward the building.

Lex Collins: "And now..."

Another pause.

Lex Collins: "I get to remind people why they hated seeing me walk through the door in the first place."

A small grin.

Lex Collins: "Ozric."

The camera pushes closer.

Lex doesn't turn around.

Lex Collins: "You're next."

A beat.

Lex Collins: "And I gotta admit..."

He opens the truck door.

Lex Collins: "I'm curious."

He looks back toward the arena.

Lex Collins: "Everybody keeps talking about the Dear Dead Sparrow."

A slight smirk.

Lex Collins: "Let's see if there's actually something worth listening to."

Lex climbs into the truck.

The engine starts.

Headlights illuminate the empty parking lot.

As Lex drives away, the camera stays fixed on the building.

The arena lights glow in the distance.

The place where fights happen.

The place where careers are made.

The place where Lex Collins has spent twenty-three years proving he belongs.

Fade to black.

The Case File Continues: The Dear Dead Sparrow Has More To Investigate

Segment

The camera fades in.

A desk.

The same desk from Six Guns & Sinners.

The same stacks of folders.

The same uncomfortable silence.

But this time, the room is darker.

The fluorescent lights above flicker slightly as the camera slowly pushes forward. The investigative journalist sits behind the table, but the expression on his face is different than before.

Less curious.

More concerned.

The largest folder sits open in front of him.

Across the front:

CASE FILE: OZRIC MORTIMER

Beside it is a newer folder.

ADDENDUM: SIX GUNS & SINNERS

The journalist adjusts his glasses and looks directly into the camera.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "When we last opened the case file on Ozric Mortimer, we asked a simple question."

A pause.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Could anyone survive being trapped inside his investigation?"

He looks down at the folder.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "At Six Guns & Sinners, we received our answer."

He opens the new folder.

Inside are photographs from the World Championship match.

Ozric standing over Dan Highlander.

Highlander refusing to stay down.

The final submission.

The tap.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "No."

He shakes his head.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "That wasn't the answer."

He turns another page.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "The answer was something far more interesting."

A beat.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Ozric Mortimer lost."

The journalist lets that sit.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "And that may have been the most dangerous thing that could have happened."

The camera slowly zooms closer.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Because everyone knows how Ozric Mortimer reacts when he wins."

He closes one folder.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "But nobody knows what happens when the Dear Dead Sparrow fails."

Another pause.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "For weeks, Ozric was chasing one thing."

He taps the World Championship folder.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Dan 'The Hammer' Highlander."

He flips through the pages.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "The undefeated champion. The symbol of HVW. The man Ozric believed needed to be dismantled piece by piece."

He looks up.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "And for most of that match... he nearly did exactly that."

The journalist places down a photograph of Highlander being planted with the Dead Sparrow Driver.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "He studied him."

Another photograph.

"Tested him."

Another.

"Broke him down."

A final photograph.

"Almost finished him."

The journalist slowly closes the folder.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "But almost isn't enough for Ozric Mortimer."

Silence.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "That is the part people are forgetting."

He leans forward.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "A normal competitor walks away from a failed championship opportunity disappointed."

A slight shake of his head.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Ozric Mortimer does not think like a normal competitor."

He reaches into the folder and pulls out a blank sheet of paper.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "A case file does not end because the suspect escapes."

He writes something down.

The camera cannot see it.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Sometimes..."

He looks at the paper.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "It simply means the investigation continues."

The journalist places the paper on the desk.

The camera finally reveals what he wrote.

NEXT SUBJECT: LEX COLLINS

A quiet laugh echoes somewhere in the hallway.

The journalist freezes.

He slowly looks toward the door.

Nothing.

He turns back.

The paper has moved.

Now underneath Lex Collins' name is a single sentence.

"HOW MUCH CAN A MAN SURVIVE?"

The journalist stares at it.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Lex Collins."

A pause.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Twenty-three years of fighting."

He opens Lex's file.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "A career built on surviving things that should have ended him."

He looks through the pages.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "A man who has made a living proving people wrong."

The journalist closes the file.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "But there is one thing every survivor eventually learns."

The lights flicker.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Survival is not the same as being untouchable."

A long silence.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "Tonight, Lex Collins steps into the ring against Ozric Mortimer."

He looks directly into the camera.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "A man who just came closer than anyone else to taking the HVW World Heavyweight Championship."

He slowly pushes Lex's folder aside.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "A man who lost his greatest opportunity..."

Another beat.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "...and may have become more dangerous because of it."

The camera begins to pull back.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "So Lex Collins..."

The journalist closes the entire case file.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "I hope that after twenty-three years in this business..."

A final pause.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST: "You have very good life insurance."

The screen cuts to black.

A single sound echoes.

A clown horn.

Lex Collins vs. Ozric Mortimer — coming up next.

Lex Collins vs. Ozric Mortimer

Match

The camera opens backstage.

Not in the sleek, futuristic Evolution production area.

Not beneath the LED screens.

Instead, the camera finds something much more familiar.

A wooden door.

A brass handle.

A small sign hanging crookedly:

SHERIFF'S OFFICE — TEMPORARILY RELOCATED

The door swings open.

Inside is a makeshift southern-style office built in the corner of the Riverside Municipal Auditorium. An old wooden desk. A leather chair. A rack of cowboy hats. A battered American flag hanging behind it. A coffee pot sitting beside a stack of paperwork.

The Sheriff sits behind the desk, arms crossed, staring directly into the camera.

The Sheriff:

"Last week at Six Guns & Sinners, we saw what happens when folks decide the rules don't apply to 'em."

He shakes his head.

The Sheriff:

"HOSTILITY tried to buy themselves an advantage. They brought an army. They turned a match into a war."

A pause.

The Sheriff:

"And earlier tonight? We already saw what happened when people started bringin' their own personal armies to ringside."

The Sheriff leans forward.

The Sheriff:

"So tonight, we're doin' things different."

He pulls a paper from his desk.

The Sheriff:

"For the following match... every single member of The Regulators is banned from ringside."

Another paper.

The Sheriff:

"Every single member of HOSTILITY is banned from ringside."

He looks into the camera.

The Sheriff:

"And before anybody gets any bright ideas..."

A smirk.

The Sheriff:

"That means EVERYBODY."

He slams the paper onto the desk.

The Sheriff:

"No friends. No allies. No hired guns. No surprise attacks."

He points toward the camera.

The Sheriff:

"Lex Collins and Ozric Mortimer are gonna settle this the old-fashioned way."

The Sheriff:

"One ring."

Beat.

The Sheriff:

"Two fighters."

Beat.

The Sheriff:

"And nobody else."

The Sheriff leans back.

The Sheriff:

"Now let's see what happens when two men who refuse to stay down finally meet somebody who won't let 'em get back up."

The camera cuts away.

Lex Collins vs. Ozric Mortimer

The arena lights dim.

The crowd immediately begins buzzing.

The opening heartbeat drums of "Re-Education (Through Labor)" hit the speakers.

The reaction is immediate.

Not fireworks.

Not a spectacle.

Just noise.

A roar.

Lex Collins steps through the curtain.

Battered.

Taped up.

Still wearing the scars of Six Guns & Sinners.

The Outsider doesn't raise his arms. He doesn't pose. He simply looks out at the crowd and nods once before walking down the ramp.

Roxie Voltage:

"THERE HE IS! Lex Collins! One of the toughest guys walking around in professional wrestling today!"

Kingston Rhymes:

"Dis man has been through wars, Roxie. And every time somebody thinks he finally reached his limit...he proves them wrong."

Lex reaches ringside, removes his hoodie, and hands it to a young fan before climbing into the ring.

Roxie Voltage:

"And let's not forget what happened Saturday night! Lex Collins teamed with Danielle Page and Adam Hansen against HOSTILITY!"

Kingston Rhymes:

"That match was chaos from bell to bell. Christopher \$aint James brought an entire army to ringside, and even though Lex and Adam were eventually eliminated..."

The camera shows highlights.

Lex taking punishment from Reaper.

Adam Hansen being attacked by the lumberjacks.

Danielle Page standing alone.

Kingston Rhymes:

"Danielle Page survived. She became the sole survivor of that elimination match."

Roxie Voltage:

"And then later that night, she climbed that massive cage ladder and won the Crown of Legends contract!"

The crowd cheers as footage shows Danielle grabbing the contract.

Roxie Voltage:

"And now we know what she's fighting for!"

A graphic appears:

CROWN OF LEGENDS

THURSDAY AUGUST 27TH — SATURDAY AUGUST 29TH

THREE NIGHT EVENT

Kingston Rhymes:

"The biggest event in HVW history is now three nights long. And Danielle Page will challenge for the World Championship during Crown of Legends."

Roxie Voltage:

"But tonight? Lex Collins has to put that aside."

The lights suddenly cut.

The cheers disappear.

A distant calliope melody begins.

Slow.

Distorted.

Uncomfortable.

Red balloons appear throughout the audience.

Fog rolls across the entrance ramp.

Ozric Mortimer appears.

The Dear Dead Sparrow.

The Painted Smile.

The cracked porcelain makeup.

The funeral coat.

The same slow walk.

The same empty stare.

Kingston Rhymes:

"And here comes the man who came closer than anyone to ending Dan Highlander's undefeated championship reign."

Roxie Voltage:

"Ozric Mortimer almost did it, Kingston!"

Highlights play.

Ozric hitting the Dead Sparrow Driver.

Highlander refusing to quit.

The Bed of Roses submission.

Highlander retaining.

Kingston Rhymes:

"At Six Guns & Sinners, Ozric Mortimer had the HVW World Championship within reach."

Roxie Voltage:

"But almost doesn't count."

Kingston nods.

Kingston Rhymes:

"No, it does not."

Ozric steps into the ring.

The music stops.

A clown horn echoes.

The referee checks both men.

No teammates.

No managers.

No backup.

Just them.

The bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Lex immediately circles.

Ozric doesn't.

The Dear Dead Sparrow simply stands there.

Watching.

Studying.

Lex throws a jab.

Ozric absorbs it.

Another.

Ozric absorbs that too.

A third.

Ozric suddenly catches the arm.

Short-arm lariat.

Lex flips onto his back.

Roxie Voltage:

"Oh! Right away!"

Kingston Rhymes:

"That is the danger of Ozric Mortimer. He doesn't need many openings."

Ozric slowly pulls Lex up.

Belly-to-belly suplex.

Lex crashes hard.

Ozric doesn't cover.

He just stares.

The crowd boos.

Ozric grabs Lex.

Mirror, Mirror.

HEADBUTT.

Another.

Another.

Lex drops to one knee.

Ozric grabs him by the throat.

Choke to the ground.

The referee begins counting.

Ozric releases before five.

Kingston Rhymes:

"He is not looking for shortcuts."

Roxie Voltage:

"No, Kingston. He's looking for damage."

Ozric continues dismantling Lex.

Elevated sidewalk slam.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Lex kicks out.

Ozric tilts his head.

Almost curious.

He pulls Lex back up.

Short-arm lariat.

Another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Again Lex survives.

Roxie Voltage:

"That stubbornness is what makes Lex Collins so dangerous!"

Kingston Rhymes:

"Absolutely. You cannot break his spirit."

Ozric disagrees.

He continues.

Corner.

Funeral Procession.

Knee.

Knee.

Knee.

Running clothesline.

Lex collapses.

Ozric stands over him.

The crowd starts chanting.

"LEX!"

"LEX!"

"LEX!"

Ozric looks around.

Then back down.

He pulls Lex up.

The Last Laugh.

Throat thrust.

Spins him.

DEAD SPARROW DRIVER—

NO!

Lex slips free!

Ozric turns.

European uppercut!

Another!

Another!

The Outsider finally fires back.

Lex unloads with strikes.

Palm strike.

Elbow.

Forearm.

Ozric staggers.

MIND KILLER!

The side slam backbreaker connects!

Both men hit the mat.

Roxie Voltage:

"LEX COLLINS IS STILL FIGHTING!"

Kingston Rhymes:

"That is what he does."

Lex crawls toward Ozric.

He grabs the ropes.

Pulls himself up.

Ozric rises slowly.

Lex charges.

BRICKS!

The knockout right hook connects!

Ozric drops.

Lex covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ozric kicks out!

The crowd gasps.

Lex doesn't panic.

He knows.

He waits.

Ozric slowly rises again.

That same painted smile.

Lex shakes his head.

He hits the ropes.

Ozric charges.

BIG SPLASH—

MISS!

Ozric crashes chest-first into the turnbuckle.

The impact shakes the ring.

Lex immediately moves.

He grabs Ozric from behind.

No wasted motion.

No celebration.

Just violence.

Lex drives Ozric's face into the top turnbuckle.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Ozric staggers backward.

Lex hooks him.

READY TO FALL!

The swinging reverse STO plants Ozric face-first into the canvas.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers:

"Here is your winner... LEX COLLINS!"

The crowd erupts.

Lex rolls onto his back, exhausted.

Ozric sits up slowly.

The Dear Dead Sparrow stares at Lex.

No anger.

No frustration.

Just that unsettling curiosity.

Lex slowly gets to his feet.

The referee raises his hand.

Roxie Voltage:

"WHAT A WIN!"

Kingston Rhymes:

"Lex Collins just defeated one of the most dangerous men in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

Roxie Voltage:

"And he did it without The Regulators! Without help! Without anybody coming down here!"

Lex looks across the ring at Ozric.

The two men stare.

For a moment, it looks like Ozric may attack.

Instead...

He slowly smiles.

Then he exits the ring.

Lex watches him disappear up the ramp.

Kingston Rhymes:

"I don't think Ozric Mortimer is finished with Lex Collins."

Roxie Voltage:

"And I don't think Lex Collins would have it any other way."

The camera focuses on Lex standing alone in the ring.

Bruised.

Exhausted.

Still standing.

Fade to black.

The Hammer's Countdown

Segment

The Evolution cameras cut backstage inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium in Riverside, California. The futuristic glow of the Evolution set is visible in the distance, LED panels flickering with the familiar blue circuitry of Hacker's brand, but tonight there is something different.

Something quieter.

The camera finds Tara Robinson standing beside a metallic interview backdrop, microphone in hand. The HVW logo pulses behind her.

She turns toward the camera with a smile.

Tara Robinson: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the HVW World Heavyweight Champion, Dan 'The Hammer' Highlander."

A roar immediately comes from the arena.

The camera widens.

There he is.

The Hammer.

The HVW World Heavyweight Championship rests over his shoulder. His face tells the story of Six Guns & Sinners. There are still bruises visible. Tape remains wrapped around his wrists. He looks exhausted.

But he is standing.

As always.

Dan Highlander gives Tara a small nod.

Tara Robinson: "Dan, before we get to tonight's main event, I think everyone knows the question on their mind..."

She gestures toward the championship.

Tara Robinson: "You just went through one of the most brutal matches of your career against Ozric Mortimer. You defended this championship. You moved your record to nine victories without a loss."

A smile crosses Highlander's face.

Tara Robinson: "Tonight, you have a non-title match against the brand new No Limits Champion, Jace Parker Davidson. How are you feeling going into that?"

Highlander exhales.

He looks down for a moment.

Dan Highlander: "Exhausted."

A small laugh.

Dan Highlander: "I mean...come on, Tara. It's not every day you go twelve rounds with a murder clown."

The camera catches Tara trying not to laugh.

Dan Highlander: "And let me tell you something...Ozric Mortimer is every bit as dangerous as everyone said he was."

He adjusts the championship.

Dan Highlander: "But tired doesn't mean finished."

The smile fades into determination.

Dan Highlander: "I've been tired before. I've been hurt before. I've walked into matches where every sensible person would've told me to stay home."

He shrugs.

Dan Highlander: "Never really been my style."

A small cheer comes from the crowd.

Dan Highlander: "I'm not going to pretend I'm walking into tonight at one hundred percent. I'm not."

He taps the championship.

Dan Highlander: "But I am walking in as the champion."

A pause.

Dan Highlander: "And champions show up."

Tara nods.

Tara Robinson: "Speaking of that championship, your victory over Ozric moved you to 9-0 here in HVW. You've beaten everyone put in front of you so far."

She smiles.

Tara Robinson: "How long do you think you can keep this streak going?"

Highlander immediately answers.

Dan Highlander: "How long ya got?"

The crowd laughs.

He smiles.

Dan Highlander: "No, seriously..."

He shakes his head.

Dan Highlander: "It's been one hell of a run. When I came here, I didn't know if I was going to get another opportunity like this. I didn't know if I was going to get another chance to stand at the top."

He looks at the championship.

Dan Highlander: "And now every week somebody new steps up and tries to take it away."

A beat.

Dan Highlander: "That's what makes this fun."

He looks back at Tara.

Dan Highlander: "But I'll tell you something..."

A grin.

Dan Highlander: "I'd like to at least make it to fourteen."

Tara tilts her head.

Tara Robinson: "Fourteen?"

Highlander nods.

Dan Highlander: "My wife."

A proud smile.

Dan Highlander: "Caledonia's longest winning streak was fourteen straight victories."

He shrugs.

Dan Highlander: "So if I can match that? Maybe I'll finally stop hearing about how she's got better numbers than me."

The camera catches the humor.

Dan Highlander: "So sorry, Jace..."

He looks directly into the camera.

Dan Highlander: "But you're going to have to make peace with being number ten."

The crowd cheers.

Tara Robinson: "Speaking of challengers, next week you are scheduled to face Lex Collins. The winner will go on to defend this championship against Danielle Page."

Highlander nods immediately.

Dan Highlander: "And both of them have earned their place."

His tone becomes more serious.

Dan Highlander: "Lex Collins has been through hell since coming to HVW. He was right there fighting against HOSTILITY at Six Guns & Sinners. He put himself in the line of fire because that's who he is."

A pause.

Dan Highlander: "He doesn't ask for respect. He doesn't demand it."

He smiles slightly.

Dan Highlander: "He just keeps making people give it to him."

The crowd reacts positively.

Dan Highlander: "And Danielle..."

He looks down briefly.

Dan Highlander: "Well..."

A small laugh.

Dan Highlander: "She never did get that rematch, did she?"

He nods.

Dan Highlander: "She earned the Crown of Legends contract. She earned her shot. And if she gets her opportunity against me, she'll have every right to believe she can take this championship."

Tara nods.

Tara Robinson: "HVW has also seen a lot of interpromotional competition recently. With everything happening across wrestling, is there anyone outside of HVW that catches your eye as a possible future rival?"

Highlander thinks for a moment.

Dan Highlander: "Well..."

He smirks.

Dan Highlander: "It would be nice to finally shut Ripper up once and for all."

He pauses.

Dan Highlander: "Although, considering my wife already trounced him..."

A shrug.

Dan Highlander: "I'm not sure how much shutting up is left to do."

The crowd laughs.

Dan Highlander: "But outside of people I've been feuding with for half my life..."

He thinks.

Dan Highlander: "Kalinda Kriegsdottir."

A small grin.

Dan Highlander: "She's fascinating."

He shakes his head.

Dan Highlander: "She'd probably kick my arse for saying that."

A beat.

Dan Highlander: "But that's usually how you know someone is interesting."

Tara smiles.

Tara Robinson: "Finally, Dan...you've talked about your opponent tonight. Jace Parker Davidson became the inaugural No Limits Champion at Six Guns & Sinners in the High Noon Match."

A highlight package flashes.

Jace Parker Davidson standing victorious.

The No Limits Championship raised overhead.

Tara Robinson: "He said he knows how to take what he wants. What do you have to say to him before your match?"

Highlander's expression changes.

The humor fades.

Not anger.

Respect.

Dan Highlander: "You know, Jace..."

He looks into the camera.

Dan Highlander: "The other night you said you know how to take what you want."

A pause.

Dan Highlander: "And I'll give you credit."

He nods.

Dan Highlander: "You backed that up."

He taps the championship.

Dan Highlander: "You walked into a High Noon Match with three other hungry competitors, and you walked out as the first-ever No Limits Champion."

A beat.

Dan Highlander: "That matters."

The crowd cheers.

Dan Highlander: "But then you said something else."

He steps closer.

Dan Highlander: "You said you're the one person in this company who knows how to get what they want."

Highlander smiles.

Dan Highlander: "Buddy..."

A small laugh.

Dan Highlander: "I've been doing this a long time."

He looks down at the championship.

Dan Highlander: "I've wanted a great many things."

The crowd gets quieter.

Dan Highlander: "I've wanted championships."

A pause.

Dan Highlander: "I've wanted redemption."

Another.

Dan Highlander: "I've wanted one more chance."

He places a hand over the title.

Dan Highlander: "And sooner or later..."

He looks back into the camera.

Dan Highlander: "I get them."

A long pause.

Dan Highlander: "So let's find out which one of us gets what they want this week."

Highlander lowers his hand.

Dan Highlander: "See you out there, Jace."

The champion steps away.

But before he leaves, Tara stops him.

Tara Robinson: "Dan?"

He turns.

Tara Robinson: "After everything you've been through... why keep doing this?"

A simple question.

The Hammer looks down at the championship.

Then back at the camera.

Dan Highlander: "Because every time someone thinks I'm done..."

A small smile.

Dan Highlander: "They give me another reason to prove them wrong."

He pats the championship.

Dan Highlander: "And apparently..."

He looks toward the arena.

Dan Highlander: "I've still got a few names left on the list."

Highlander walks away with the championship over his shoulder.

The camera follows him for a moment as he disappears into the glowing Evolution hallway.

Roxie Voltage's voice suddenly comes over commentary from ringside.

Roxie Voltage: "Kingston, I don't know about you, but that man looks ready!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Roxie, Dan Highlander has been ready since the day he walked through these doors. The question is whether Jace Parker Davidson is ready for what happens when he steps across from The Hammer."

The camera cuts back to the entrance stage.

The crowd erupts.

The main event is coming.

The Villain Wants The Hammer

Segment

The camera cuts back inside the Riverside Municipal Auditorium.

The crowd is still buzzing after the previous match as the Evolution lights pulse across the arena. The giant LED screens flash the familiar blue-and-black graphics of Tuesday night.

The commentary desk comes into view.

Roxie Voltage sits forward in her chair, energized.

Roxie Voltage: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are getting closer and closer to our main event, and I have to tell you something..."

She points toward the ring.

Roxie Voltage: "After everything we've seen tonight, I have no idea if Dan Highlander is walking into a wrestling match..."

She pauses.

Roxie Voltage: "...or a fight."

Kingston Rhymes adjusts his headset.

Kingston Rhymes: "Because his opponent tonight is not just any competitor."

The camera focuses on the entrance stage.

Kingston Rhymes: "That man is the inaugural HVW No Limits Champion."

A pause.

Kingston Rhymes: "Jace Parker Davidson."

The crowd immediately begins booing.

Roxie Voltage: "The Villain."

Kingston Rhymes: "A man who has spent his entire career proving that pain does not slow him down."

Roxie nods.

Roxie Voltage: "And after defeating Crash Rodriguez, Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca, and Roxanne Rodriguiz in that brutal High Noon Match at Six Guns & Sinners..."

She shakes her head.

Roxie Voltage: "Jace has made it very clear he believes this championship proves he's on another level."

Before Kingston can respond...

The lights go out.

The arena is swallowed in darkness.

A voice cuts through the speakers.

"CAUSE I'MA, I'MA... VILLAIN."

The crowd erupts in boos.

Smoke begins pouring across the entrance stage.

"VILLAIN" by Ekoh & Vin Jay blasts through the arena.

A spotlight cuts through the smoke.

Jace Parker Davidson steps onto the stage.

The newly crowned HVW No Limits Champion wears the championship around his waist. His trademark eyepatch covers his right eye. Standing beside him is Lexus, calm and confident.

Jace doesn't smile.

He doesn't play to the crowd.

He simply looks toward the ring.

The championship around his waist.

The target on his back.

The crowd continues booing.

Jace and Lexus walk down the ramp, but instead of heading straight toward the ring, they stop halfway.

Jace looks around the arena.

Frustrated.

Annoyed.

Like he has been waiting too long.

Then he shakes his head.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You know what?"

The crowd boos louder.

Jace walks up the steel steps and enters the ring.

Lexus follows behind him.

Jace removes the No Limits Championship from his waist and holds it up.

The boos grow.

Jace grabs a microphone.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I've been sitting backstage long enough."

A pause.

Jace looks around.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I've been sitting backstage watching."

He begins pacing.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Watching people come out here every single week..."

A scoff.

Jace Parker Davidson: "...and convince themselves they're something they're not."

The crowd boos.

Jace points toward the entrance.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Watching people beg for opportunities."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Watching people beg for respect."

He taps the championship.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Watching people beg for somebody else to tell them they matter."

He shakes his head.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I don't need that."

A louder reaction.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I never needed that."

Lexus nods behind him.

Jace looks toward the commentary desk.

Jace Parker Davidson: "And then I watch The Hacker come out here..."

A sarcastic laugh.

Jace Parker Davidson: "And put his faith behind people who wouldn't even be qualified to scrub toilets in my building."

The crowd boos.

Jace Parker Davidson: "People who talk."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "People who make excuses."

Another pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "People who think being liked means being successful."

Jace looks down at the championship.

Jace Parker Davidson: "This?"

He lifts the No Limits Championship.

Jace Parker Davidson: "This doesn't represent popularity."

He looks directly into the camera.

Jace Parker Davidson: "This represents proof."

A beat.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Proof that when the pressure was at its highest..."

He taps the championship.

Jace Parker Davidson: "When the match was designed to break people..."

A grin.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I was the one who walked out holding gold."

The crowd boos.

Jace turns toward the entrance.

Jace Parker Davidson: "So I'm done waiting."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Dan Highlander."

The crowd immediately erupts.

Jace smiles slightly.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Get out here."

No music.

No response.

Jace waits.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You know what?"

He shakes his head.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I'm tired of hearing about fifteen years."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I'm tired of hearing about redemption."

He points toward the championship.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I'm tired of hearing about how you earned this."

A smirk.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Congratulations."

He raises the microphone.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You earned it."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Now defend it."

The crowd begins chanting for Highlander.

"HAMMER!"

"HAMMER!"

"HAMMER!"

Jace laughs.

Jace Parker Davidson: "There it is."

He looks around.

Jace Parker Davidson: "The fans."

A dismissive shrug.

Jace Parker Davidson: "The people who believe cheering loud enough changes reality."

He looks back toward the entrance.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Dan..."

His tone becomes sharper.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Tonight you have a choice."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You can stay backstage."

Another pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You can send someone out here."

He shakes his head.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Or you can prove that you're actually the man everyone says you are."

Jace steps toward the ropes.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Because that championship around your waist..."

He points.

Jace Parker Davidson: "That doesn't make you untouchable."

A beat.

Jace Parker Davidson: "It makes you a target."

The crowd boos.

Jace raises his own championship.

Jace Parker Davidson: "This belt means I have no limits."

He points toward the entrance.

Jace Parker Davidson: "And you?"

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You have no spine."

The crowd explodes with boos.

Jace Parker Davidson: "So come out here."

He spreads his arms.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Come prove me wrong."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "And if you need backup..."

He smiles.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Bring Danielle."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Bring Lex."

Another.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Bring The Regulators."

He laughs.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Bring the entire HVW roster."

He steps closer to the camera.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Bring everyone."

A cold smile.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Because whatever it takes..."

He taps the side of his eyepatch.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I want you to finally nut up..."

A pause.

Jace Parker Davidson: "...and look me in the eye."

The arena goes dark.

A familiar guitar riff hits.

"Hammer to Fall" by Queen.

The crowd explodes.

Blue and gold lights flood the arena.

Dan "The Hammer" Highlander steps onto the stage with the HVW World Heavyweight Championship around his waist.

Jace immediately smiles.

Not scared.

Excited.

Roxie Voltage: "Oh no."

Kingston Rhymes: "Jace got exactly what he wanted."

Highlander starts walking toward the ring.

He doesn't run.

He doesn't hesitate.

His eyes stay locked on Jace.

Jace steps through the ropes and drops the microphone.

Lexus steps down to ringside.

The referee tries to maintain order.

Highlander reaches ringside.

Jace suddenly launches himself through the ropes!

JACE ATTACKS HIGHLANDER BEFORE THE BELL!

The crowd erupts.

Jace drives forearms into the champion.

Highlander fires back!

A massive right hand!

Another!

The two exchange blows on the floor as officials scramble.

Roxie Voltage: "This isn't a match! This is a fight!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And Jace Davidson wanted this!"

Jace rams Highlander shoulder-first into the barricade.

Highlander responds by grabbing Jace and throwing him into the ring apron.

The referee screams for both men to get inside.

The crowd roars.

The No Limits Champion.

The World Champion.

Face-to-face before the opening bell.

The camera pulls back as the referee finally signals.

The main event is about to begin.

Dan "The Hammer" Highlander © vs. Jace Parker Davidson ©

Match

The Riverside Municipal Auditorium is already shaking.

The entire night has built toward this moment.

The first Evolution after Six Guns & Sinners.

The first night where the consequences of the biggest event in HVW history are beginning to unfold.

The camera sweeps across the crowd as fans hold up signs:

HAMMERHEADS FOREVER

THE VILLAIN HAS NO LIMITS

CROWN OF LEGENDS STARTS NOW

JPD VS THE WORLD

The blue-and-black Evolution lighting pulses across the arena as Roxie Voltage and Kingston Rhymes sit at the commentary desk.

Roxie Voltage: "Kingston, baby, I don't know about you, but this feels like one of those nights that people are gonna talk about years from now!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Roxie, mi girl, every once in a while in this business, you get a match where the atmosphere tells you something special is about to happen. And tonight? We got the HVW World Heavyweight Champion stepping into the ring with the brand new No Limits Champion."

Roxie Voltage: "And not just any No Limits Champion! Jace Parker Davidson walked into Six Guns & Sinners and survived the first ever High Noon Match! Four competitors! One championship! Absolutely no room for mistakes!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Crash Rodriguez. Roxanne Rodriguiz. Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca. Three very different competitors. Three dangerous opponents. And Jace Davidson outlasted all of them."

Roxie Voltage: "Meanwhile, Dan Highlander did exactly what Dan Highlander does. He went into the biggest fight of his life and somehow walked out still standing!"

Kingston Rhymes: "The Dear Dead Sparrow, Ozric Mortimer, pushed him beyond his limits. He tried to break the champion mentally and physically. But Dan Highlander proved once again why he is the first HVW World Heavyweight Champion."

Roxie Voltage: "The Hammer is 9-0, Kingston!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And tonight, he is facing a man who believes he is the future of this company."

The lights suddenly cut.

The arena goes black.

A low rumble fills the building.

A voice echoes through the speakers.

"CAUSE I'M A... I'M A..."

The crowd erupts into a wall of boos.

"VILLAIN."

White smoke explodes across the entrance stage.

"VILLAIN" by Ekoh & Vin Jay hits.

The No Limits Championship appears first.

Then...

Jace Parker Davidson steps through the smoke.

The Villain.

The brand new champion.

The black eyepatch covering his damaged right eye. Lexus walks beside him, calm and confident, as Jace slowly looks across the arena.

No fear.

No hesitation.

Just arrogance.

Roxie Voltage: "Oh, here he comes. The man who thinks he's already conquered HVW!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And whether people like it or not, Roxie, the man has backed up every single thing he's said since arriving."

Jace raises the No Limits Championship above his head.

The crowd responds with even louder boos.

Lexus whispers something into his ear.

Jace smirks.

He doesn't answer.

He just starts walking.

Kingston Rhymes: "That championship represents chaos. It represents survival. The No Limits Championship was created for competitors willing to go somewhere others won't."

Roxie Voltage: "And Jace Davidson absolutely belongs in that conversation."

Jace reaches ringside.

He doesn't enter.

Instead...

He walks around the ring.

He looks toward the entrance ramp.

The crowd begins to realize.

Roxie Voltage: "Wait a minute..."

Kingston Rhymes: "Roxie..."

Jace suddenly throws the championship over the barricade to Lexus.

Then he turns.

And waits.

The arena explodes.

Because he isn't waiting for his entrance.

He's waiting for Dan Highlander.

A few moments pass.

Then...

BOOM!

"THE HAMMER!"

The opening of "Hammer to Fall" by Queen hits the speakers.

The crowd erupts.

But before Dan Highlander can even fully step through the curtain...

Jace charges.

The World Champion barely has time to react.

Jace launches forward with a brutal forearm.

Dan stumbles.

Jace grabs him.

And the fight is on.

Roxie Voltage: "OH COME ON!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Jace Davidson said he wasn't waiting for permission!"

Jace drives Highlander shoulder-first into the steel entrance structure.

The champion drops to one knee.

Jace immediately grabs him again.

A second forearm.

A third.

Dan tries to fight back.

A European uppercut catches Jace.

The crowd erupts.

But Jace answers with a vicious knee strike.

The momentum disappears instantly.

Kingston Rhymes: "That is the danger of Jace Davidson. You cannot give this man an opening. He only needs one moment."

Jace drags Highlander down the entrance ramp.

The referee is already sprinting after them.

Trying to regain control.

Trying to get this match started.

But Jace isn't interested.

He sends Highlander crashing spine-first into the barricade.

The crowd at ringside jumps backward.

Roxie Voltage: "This is not a match yet! This is an ambush!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And Highlander already went through a war against Ozric Mortimer three nights ago!"

Jace pulls Highlander up by the head.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You wanted a fight, right?"

Another shot.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Champion."

Another.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Let's see how much fight you actually have."

He grabs Highlander by the wrist.

Irish whip.

Straight into the steel ring steps.

CRASH!

The crowd gasps.

Highlander rolls onto his back, clutching his shoulder.

Jace stands over him.

No emotion.

No celebration.

Just calculation.

Roxie Voltage: "Kingston, this is exactly what Jace does! He finds the weakness and he attacks it until there is nothing left!"

Kingston Rhymes: "He is a strategist. He is not trying to prove he can beat Dan Highlander."

A pause.

Kingston Rhymes: "He is trying to make sure Dan Highlander cannot compete."

The referee gets between them.

Referee: "Jace! Enough! Get him in the ring!"

Jace ignores him.

He pulls Highlander up again.

The crowd begins chanting.

"HAMMER! HAMMER! HAMMER!"

Dan hears it.

His eyes open.

And he fires.

A desperation elbow.

Another.

A third.

The crowd comes alive.

Dan grabs Jace.

German suplex attempt.

Jace lands on his feet.

Instantly.

A V-Trigger knee.

Dan collapses.

The crowd groans.

Jace rolls Highlander into the ring.

Finally.

The referee checks on the champion.

Jace stands in the corner.

Waiting.

The referee kneels beside Dan.

Referee: "Dan, can you continue?"

The crowd is silent.

Highlander slowly pushes himself up.

The championship is still around his waist.

He looks toward Jace.

Then toward the crowd.

Dan Highlander: "Ring the damn bell."

The arena explodes.

Roxie Voltage: "THAT'S THE HAMMER!"

Kingston Rhymes: "A veteran understands something important, Roxie. Sometimes winning the fight begins before the bell ever rings."

The referee signals.

DING! DING! DING!

And immediately...

Jace attacks.

A running knee.

Dan falls.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Highlander kicks out.

Jace doesn't react.

No frustration.

No panic.

He simply grabs Dan again.

Spinebuster.

The ring shakes.

Another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Dan gets the shoulder up.

Roxie Voltage: "Two and a half! Two and a half!"

Kingston Rhymes: "But look at the champion. Look at what Jace is doing. He is forcing Dan Highlander to survive."

Jace pulls Dan up.

He drives him into the corner.

Shoulder strikes.

Forearm.

Body shots.

Everything precise.

Everything intentional.

Jace climbs to the middle rope.

Looking down.

The crowd boos.

Jace smiles.

He jumps.

Double knees.

But Dan moves.

Jace crashes.

Both men are down.

The crowd begins rising.

Roxie Voltage: "This could be the opening!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And if there is one thing we know about Dan Highlander..."

A pause.

Kingston Rhymes: "He only needs one opening."

Dan slowly pushes himself up.

Jace reaches his feet first.

He charges.

Dan catches him.

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

The building erupts.

Dan rolls through.

Another one!

And another!

The Hammer is alive.

Roxie Voltage: "THE CHAMPION IS BACK!"

Kingston Rhymes: "The fight has changed, Roxie!"

Dan pulls himself up using the ropes.

Jace sits up.

Dan charges.

SHORT-ARM CLOTHESLINE!

Jace flips backward.

The crowd roars.

Dan looks around.

The Hammerheads are on their feet.

He raises his fist.

The comeback has begun.

The crowd is roaring as Dan Highlander stands over Jace Parker Davidson.

The momentum has completely shifted.

Moments ago, the World Champion was barely able to stand after Jace's opening assault.

Now?

The Hammer is throwing everything he has into staying alive.

Roxie Voltage: "Kingston, this is why Dan Highlander is the World Champion! The man gets knocked down, beaten up, pushed past his limits, and somehow he just keeps finding another gear!"

Kingston Rhymes: "That is why his story resonates with people, Roxie. Dan Highlander is not the champion because things have been easy for him. He is the champion because every single time life tells him to stay down..."

A pause.

Kingston Rhymes: "...he refuses."

Dan grabs Jace.

A snap German suplex.

Jace lands hard.

Dan doesn't let go.

Another German.

Then a third.

The crowd counts along.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

Dan releases.

Jace rolls toward the ropes.

The No Limits Champion tries pulling himself up.

Dan charges.

SUCH IS LIFE!

The spinning enziguri connects.

Jace drops.

The crowd erupts.

Roxie Voltage: "OH MY GOODNESS! THE HAMMER JUST TOOK HIS HEAD OFF!"

Kingston Rhymes: "That move can come from anywhere. That is what makes Dan Highlander so dangerous."

Dan hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Jace kicks out.

The crowd gasps.

Dan sits up.

He nods.

Almost impressed.

Roxie Voltage: "Look at that reaction from Highlander. He expected Jace to survive!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And he should have. Jace Davidson has survived things that ended other careers."

Jace slowly rolls onto his knees.

Dan approaches.

He throws a European uppercut.

Jace staggers.

Another.

Jace fires back.

Forearm.

Dan answers.

Forearm.

The two champions stand in the middle of the ring trading shots.

The crowd erupts with every strike.

Roxie Voltage: "THIS IS A FIGHT!"

Kingston Rhymes: "A championship-level fight, Roxie. Neither man is giving the other an inch."

Jace lands a brutal knee.

Dan stumbles.

Jace follows.

Running neckbreaker.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dan kicks out.

Jace immediately transitions.

He traps the arm.

Looking for the Dragon Sleeper variation.

Kingston Rhymes: "Jace is hunting for the finish. He knows he cannot allow Highlander to get comfortable."

Dan fights.

The crowd rallies.

"HAMMER!"

"HAMMER!"

"HAMMER!"

Dan starts pushing upward.

Jace increases the pressure.

Dan refuses.

He gets to one knee.

Then both feet.

A roar from the audience.

Dan drives backward.

Corner collision.

Both men break.

Jace charges.

Dan catches him.

SOUTHERN CROSS!

The crucifix powerbomb connects.

Jace crashes into the turnbuckles.

Dan collapses beside him.

Both men are down.

The referee begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Six!

Both competitors start moving.

Seven!

Eight!

Jace reaches the ropes.

Dan grabs the middle rope.

Nine!

Both men stand.

The crowd explodes.

Roxie Voltage: "Neither man wants to lose this!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Because this is not just about tonight. This is about momentum. This is about proving who belongs at the top of HVW."

Jace rushes.

Spear!

NO!

Dan moves!

Jace crashes into the corner.

Dan immediately grabs him.

Rear waist lock.

German suplex!

Jace lands.

Dan follows.

Another!

Jace rolls away.

Dan charges.

Jace catches him.

GODSLAYER!

The Strombreaker-style slam connects.

The arena goes silent.

Roxie Voltage: "NO!"

Kingston Rhymes: "THAT MAY BE IT!"

Jace covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

DAN HIGHLANDER KICKS OUT!

The Riverside Municipal Auditorium erupts.

Jace sits up.

For the first time all night...

A flicker of frustration.

Not anger.

Not panic.

Just disbelief.

Roxie Voltage: "2.9! TWO POINT NINE!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Jace Davidson has beaten many people with that move."

A pause.

Kingston Rhymes: "But Dan Highlander is not many people."

Jace slowly stands.

He grabs Dan.

Setting up.

The Beheading.

He waits.

Dan barely moves.

Jace charges.

THE BEHEADING—

NO!

Dan ducks!

Jace spins around.

Dan catches him.

CROWN JEWEL!

The brainbuster connects.

The crowd explodes.

Dan doesn't cover.

He knows.

He knows he needs more.

He pulls himself up.

Jace is down.

Dan steps back.

The Hammerheads rise.

Roxie Voltage: "KINGSTON!"

Kingston Rhymes: "He is looking for it."

Roxie Voltage: "THE FALLING HAMMER!"

Dan waits.

Jace slowly gets up.

He turns.

Dan explodes forward.

FALLING HAMMER!

The scissors kick connects.

Jace collapses.

Dan hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The arena erupts.

"BOOM!"

Blue and gold pyro fires from the corners.

The referee raises Dan Highlander's hand.

WINNER: DAN "THE HAMMER" HIGHLANDER

Roxie Voltage: "WHAT A MATCH!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Roxie...that may be one of the finest matches we have ever seen on Evolution."

Roxie Voltage: "And remember, this wasn't even for a championship! This was two champions proving exactly why they hold those titles!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Jace Davidson showed why he is the No Limits Champion. He attacked early, he calculated every move, he nearly defeated the World Champion."

Roxie Voltage: "But Dan Highlander proved why he is the face of HVW."

Dan slowly gets to his feet.

Exhausted.

Bruised.

But victorious.

He looks down at Jace.

The crowd cheers.

Dan steps toward him.

He extends his hand.

The crowd reacts.

Roxie Voltage: "Come on, Jace..."

Kingston Rhymes: "A show of respect from the champion."

Jace sits on the mat.

He looks at Dan's hand.

The crowd waits.

Jace stares.

The No Limits Champion slowly rises.

For a moment...

It looks like he might accept.

Then...

Jace looks Dan directly in the eyes.

Cold.

Unmoved.

He gives Dan the smallest nod.

Almost.

Almost respect.

Then he walks past him.

No handshake.

No words.

Just a shoulder bump as he exits the ring.

Roxie Voltage: "Oh, come on! Give the man some credit!"

Kingston Rhymes: "That is Jace Davidson. Respect is not something he gives easily."

Jace joins Lexus at ringside.
She hands him the No Limits Championship.
He looks back toward the ring.
Dan is standing on the turnbuckle.
Holding the World Heavyweight Championship high.
The crowd chants.
"HAMMER!"
"HAMMER!"
"HAMMER!"
Jace watches.
His expression unreadable.
Then he disappears backstage.
Dan continues celebrating.
The cameras cut around the arena.
Fans on their feet.
The World Champion standing tall.
Then...
The lights near the entrance ramp shift.
The crowd notices.
A familiar figure appears.
Leather jacket.
Battered look.
A slight limp.
The Outsider.
Lex Collins.
The arena reacts immediately.
Roxie Voltage: "WAIT A SECOND!"
Kingston Rhymes: "Roxie..."
Lex stands at the top of the entrance ramp.
No microphone.
No words.
Just staring.
Because this Saturday...

August 8th.

At UPRISING Solstice IV...

Dan Highlander defends the HVW World Heavyweight Championship against Lex Collins.

The two men stare at each other.

No hatred.

No anger.

No cheap insults.

Just understanding.

Two veterans.

Two fighters.

Two men who know exactly what is coming.

Dan raises the championship.

Lex nods.

Dan nods back.

The crowd gets louder.

Roxie Voltage: "That is a championship fight right there!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Two men who have earned their way here. Two men who understand what that championship represents."

Lex takes one step forward.

Dan does the same.

Neither man backs down.

The camera cuts between them.

The World Champion.

The Challenger.

Days away from battle.

Roxie Voltage: "Saturday cannot get here soon enough!"

Kingston Rhymes: "The road to Crown of Legends continues..."

A final shot.

Dan Highlander holding the HVW World Heavyweight Championship.

Lex Collins standing across from him.

Both ready.

The screen fades.

HVW EVOLUTION — END OF BROADCAST

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